

The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Stories

DONALD BERWICK
PATRICIA R. CARNEY
JOHN GRAVES

Poems

STUART CUTHBERTSON
JOSEPH JOEL KEITH
WILLIAM E. STAFFORD

The Causes of Public Unrest in Education

PALMER HOYT

The Press and Individual Responsibility

DORIS FLEESON

Lee Casey: A Memoir with Quotes

ROBERT L. PERKIN

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About the authors

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DONALD BERWICK, who received his Ph. D. in English from Princeton University and is the author of a book on Jonathan Swift, has taught at Temple University, The United States Naval Academy, and New York University. He has worked on the editorial staffs of the *New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and *Newsweek*, and his stories and critical articles have appeared in *Cosmopolitan*, *Woman's Day*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, as well as in the *New Yorker* and *Esquire*. Mr. Berwick lectured at the 1949 Writer's Conference at the University of Colorado. He now lives in New York, where he edits a medical journal, teaches article writing at New York University, and is a literary consultant.

THOMAS O. BRANDT is Associate Professor of German and Foreign Student Adviser at Colorado College in Colorado Springs. Born in Vienna, he received his Ph. D. degree from the University of Vienna in 1933. After coming to the United States in 1938, he taught at Oregon State College and the College of William and Mary and was a government official during World War II. Among his publications are two books, an anthology of poetry (1935) and a novel (1937).

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH, author, critic, lecturer, song writer, and editor, lives in Los Angeles, California. He has contributed to many university magazines and to *Harper's*, *Saturday Review*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *American Mercury*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and to literary journals in seven countries. The University of Nebraska Press published his seventh book of poetry, *The Stubborn Root*; poems in the volume are being translated by Professor Mikio Hiramatsu for publication in *Mita Bungaku*, a periodical of Keio University, Tokyo, Japan.

PALMER HOYT has been publisher and editor of the *Denver Post* since 1946. Born the son of a Baptist minister in Illinois in 1897, he moved with his parents to the Pacific coast as a boy. He interrupted his college education to serve overseas in World War I; then returned to the University of Oregon and received his degree in 1923. After working in nearly every editorial department of a newspaper, he became publisher of the *Portland Oregonian* in 1939, a position he held until 1946. Mr. Hoyt has achieved international recognition in his field. He has also given distinguished service in civic and state movements, both in Oregon and Colorado, and on national boards and commissions. "Public Unrest in Education" was the keynote address at the Harvard Conference on Public Unrest in Education held in Boston on July 13, 1953.

DORIS FLEESON, Kansas-born and Kansas educated, is one of the capital's best political reporters. In 1943-44 she was a war correspondent for the *Woman's Home Companion*. Since 1945 she has been a Washington columnist for Bell Syndicate; seventy-two newspapers now print her column. Twice Miss Fleeson has re-

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Land of the long white cloud

ROBIN W. WINKS

New Zealand, known to the travel agents as the "Pocket Wonder World" and to its native Maori as Aotearoa, "the Land of the Long White Cloud," may not be the island paradise of which the romantic dream, but it will do until one comes along. The visitor will find it attractive for three reasons: the friendship of the people, the beauty of the landscape, and the spirit of adventure which welds the other two into one.

A Dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations, tiny New Zealand, slightly smaller than the state of Colorado, holds equal council with such sprawling giants as Canada and Australia. Situated in the south-central Pacific Ocean, eight hundred miles east of the Australian continent and five thousand miles southwest of the continental United States, this island nation thrusts its northern fringe into tropical waters and its southern edge to the nearest inhabited point to the South Pole.

Essentially, New Zealand consists of two large islands, appropriately but unimaginatively named the North and South Islands, on which practically the entire population lives. Several smaller islands cluster about the larger ones, but with a few minor exceptions are populated by birds and sea life. Like Italy, New Zealand may be likened to a boot, in this case an inverted one separated at its mid-point by wide and turbulent Cook Strait, the historic passage which separates the rough rectangle of the south from the fish-shaped island to the north, and the Scotchman from the Englishman.

Physically, New Zealand is an exceptional land. Within its circumscribed area one finds geyser basins far more extensive than those of the Yellowstone, mountains which remind one of the Tetons and which rise from the sea for over two miles, great beaches unrivalled elsewhere in the world, dense rain forests, and pleasant cities. Huge sections of New Zealand are yet unexplored; the valleys of the South Island are so inaccessible that the redis-



covery of a bird long thought extinct, the Notornis, took place last year, and the dense bush country of the North Island, populated almost exclusively by Maori, is roadless and largely trackless.

The North Island of New Zealand is heavily forested and bears constant reminders of its volcanic origin, while the South Island, in its thousand-mile length, progresses from fertile farm land through great snow-capped mountains to semi-arctic regions of unexplored fiords. The bulk of the population lives in the North Island, including almost all of the Maori.

Bounded by long, sandy beaches and blessed with seascapes to inspire even the haters of movie travelogues, the North Island is understandably the center of population, for it is the more attractive of the two islands, the warmer, and the more accessible. It was first discovered by the Maori people, a brown-skinned Polynesian race who migrated from a distant, semi-legendary land; later it stood astride the voyages of white explorers.

It is hard to believe, when one looks at the Maori canoes, that

they could have carried the natives across the South Pacific long before William the Conqueror sailed the English Channel. Despite the sturdy construction of the boats and their eighty-foot length, they would have had to battle an open sea for weeks. The voyage of a Kon-Tiki could hardly compare with the great migration of these "Vikings of the Sunrise," as their chronicler, Sir Peter Buck, called them. Sometime in the tenth century one of their ancestors, Kupe, piloted an even smaller boat through the area known today as the "Islands of Loneliness" to discover the great cloud bank which hid the green land beneath it; two centuries later his descendants followed him from their distant, and still undetermined, homeland.

The Maori lived on the islands for five hundred years without being disturbed, fighting their traditional tribal wars, cooking their enemies in the earth-pits, and achieving the most complex culture in the Pacific. Then, in 1642, the erratic little Dutchman, Abel Janszoon Tasman, impressed his strange white face upon the memories of succeeding generations of Maori by merely sailing along the western edge of the North Island. He was equally impressed, it appears, for he reported seeing natives over ten feet tall.

A legend sprang up, through the prediction of a great *tohunga*, that one day the men with white faces would return and overrun the island. This they did in the nineteenth century, when after the rediscovery of New Zealand by the unfortunate Englishman, Captain Cook, and the arrival of white whalers, all European civilization descended upon the island—guns, liquor, disease, and the Bible.

The English and the French arrived within days of each other, but the French, preoccupied with affairs at home, never asserted any forceful claim to the islands for which such explorers as Marion du Fresne, who was eaten by the Maori, gave their lives. The English first settled on the Bay of Islands, now a fabulous deep-sea fishing ground, and placed their capitol at the village of Russell. Soon settlements were established on both of the North Island's excellent harbors, Manakau and Port Nicholson, leading to the cities of Auckland and Wellington.

The first large group of settlers were colonizers especially picked to come to New Zealand, partakers in one of the great settlement

schemes of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who now lies buried on a hill which looks out upon Wellington harbor. Wakefield devised "scientific principles" of colonization, and the earliest groups included both artisans and farmers.

The South Island, more forbidding in its first appearance and less accessible, as well as lacking the fine harbors of the North, was settled later by staunch Anglicans, who founded Christchurch, and even stauncher Presbyterians, who established a Dunedin modeled after their Scottish homeland. By 1840 Auckland had grown to be the largest city in New Zealand and the capitol was moved there. The population of the South Island had grown so much by 1865 that the capitol was moved once again to a more central location in Wellington.

Years of costly inter-racial wars followed, with the outcome staved off by both the courage of the Maori and the reasonably humane tactics of the Europeans; both races grew to harbor great respect for the other, and with the end of the wars in the 1870's, they began to grow together as a nation. The loss in natural and human resources had been great, but New Zealand was capable of restoring her own balance to the disrupted land. Geography and the necessity of hard, concerted labor placed the two races on equal footing. But the heritage of the Maori Wars remains in a still confused land ownership system, one of the original causes of war.

Today, however, there is no racial discrimination in New Zealand, a heritage of years of warfare and the respect engendered by that warfare. The two people study together in the colleges, play together on the Rugby field, make laws together in the Parliament. Perhaps the internal harmony of the country leads to the friendship which all New Zealanders, brown and white alike, extend to the visitor. I spent a year in New Zealand, much of that time traveling up and down the countryside by hitch-hiking, and often I would find a warm bed, hot tea, or a long ride offered by someone who had known me only a few minutes.

In New Zealand it is the cities which one discovers first. Wellington, the national capital, is at the southern edge of the North Island. Auckland, the largest city, is on the northern edge. New

Zealand's other principal cities, Christchurch and Dunedin, are both in the South Island. The most distinctive thing the visitor notices about these is that each has a personality, an individuality, of its own. The second thing is that all seem old, crowded and ugly.

Auckland, the largest city, with 400,000 population, is perhaps the least interesting. Located on rolling hills which descend to one of the world's finest and largest anchorages, Auckland is representative of the new-old culture of the Dominion. Perhaps its difficulty is that it reminds one of an American city forty years behind the times: its rattling tram cars, resounding over volcanic rock, its nondescript yellow houses, and its dark streets seem an odd introduction to a country which is, after one learns to know it, far from nondescript and quite modern.

Wellington is a striking contrast to Auckland. This capital city of 200,000 has "personality" written across its rambling face from the sea into which it runs to the mountains which it climbs. It seems larger than it is and does have a cosmopolitan, cultured air about it. Yet it is a city with more provincialism, ignorance, and tradition per square foot than any other in New Zealand, a city which is strikingly ugly and which, through its ugliness, expresses rare beauty. You find there a constant source of delight and irritation and the most startling collection of architectural monstrosities and outstanding combinations of genius and tedium in the South Pacific. One may hate Wellington (as most New Zealanders do) or one may love it and its windy streets, steep hills, and steeper cable cars (as most visitors do), but one is never indifferent to it. It was built where no city should ever have been, and today a large part of the business district sits upon reclaimed land, land which once was sea. The hills close in far too much for human habitation, and the sea climbs in the back door. Wellington is the melting pot of the nation; here one sees Maori and white mingle as one, hears French, Dutch, German, Russian, Yugoslav, Fijian, Tongan, Maori, and Cantonese.

Christchurch is the third largest of New Zealand's major cities. Favorably located on the Canterbury plains of the South Island, it reflects its staunch Anglican background both materially and spiritually. A great cathedral, the coldest building in all New

Zealand, dominates the city. In winter the city is austere and bleak and seems almost unmoving in the snowless cold. But, like its founders, it has its cheery moments, when in the spring the Avon River and the great city parks burst into flower. As it boasts, it is the "most English city outside England," 200,000 Englishmen and "not one Scot." But this boast is, like most boasts, only half true. Perhaps the sight of snow-capped mountains, not unlike the Rockies, makes its English atmosphere seem incongruous; perhaps it is the city's beguiling, subtle personality which convinces one that, although he may be getting a taste of England, he is really in a new land.

Far south of Christchurch is a less fortunate city of 100,000 people, one which succeeds in being called the "most Scottish city outside Scotland," thereby losing its individuality. Dunedin, founded by the Scots, bears Edinburgh street names, but as an imitation, and a very excellent imitation, Dunedin only serves to make the visitor eager to go to Edinburgh.

After the discovery of these four major cities, one turns to the countryside which helps to support these cities, for New Zealand is a rural nation, not urban. In addition to the great sheep herds and the dairy industry, the only perpetual forest in the world—one so great its north end will have grown back to maturity by the time it has been lumbered through to the south end—guarantees it a lumber industry, and the sea is ever a means of livelihood for fishermen. The farmer wages the unending war against the bush country, and slowly the unexplored land is disappearing. Yet large segments remain to challenge the adventurous.

Certainly the adventurer has much to see in the North Island, with its bush country, its *kauri* forest, its great beaches, and the famous Maori, who dwell in the warmer climate of the far north. The North Island is densely covered with fern and low trees; it is a land of high rolling hills, capped by Mount Egmont, "the mountain that walked," in the west; by Ruapehu, an active volcano, in the center; and by great Mount Hikirangi, "the British beacon," in the east.

Mount Egmont is a deceptive peak standing alone and regal far from any other outcroppings; under eternal snow, it is representative of the best of the mountains—alluring and highly dangerous.

Said to be the "second most perfect mountain in the world"—Fujiyama, of course, is first—this peak, known as Taranaki by the Maori, once rested among the volcanic peaks in the central portion of the island. A lovers' quarrel disrupted the family, however, and Taranaki, defeated in battle, was forced to flee. He headed for the open sea to bathe his wounds, cutting the Wanganui River, "the Rhine of New Zealand," as he went, creating a great swamp where he rested. Finally, as Taranaki sighted the sea, the land god became fearful of losing such a handsome landmark and threw up a row of hills to block Taranaki's escape. Exhausted, he stopped where he remains today. From the sea Taranaki's now venerable, snow-capped mane may be seen alone above the clouds, unattached to land. At its foot stands New Plymouth, an exceptionally ugly city which would, if it were American, undoubtedly style itself the "Dairy Capital of New Zealand."

All of the North Island was once volcanic. Remnants of this age now past remain. Deep Lake Taupo, the largest in the nation, is reputedly the finest trout lake in the world; great, steaming cliffs, rearing out of the lake which was once a volcano, testify to the continued presence of thermal activity, as do the even greater geyser basins. White Island continues to pour forth great streams of steam into the aptly-named Bay of Plenty. This "Krakatoa of the Central Pacific" is clearly visible from the shore, but it is visited only once in the year. At one time it was populated and a thriving sulphur business was conducted, but a great explosion which killed the island's twenty-one residents determined its present lack of habitation. The most impressive remnant of the volcanic period, however, is a line of three high peaks, Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, and Tongariro, the relatives of Taranaki. The first of these continues active; far below its crater are small communities, all secure in the firm belief that it will erupt destructive lava no more. But every few years it awakens enough to alert these modern Vulcans; 1952 saw its most recent display.

Far to the east, on the little traveled East Cape, where the Maori people live in abundance, is Mount Hikurangi, the first point in the British Empire touched by the rising sun. Here is the true "outback," a land few New Zealanders have visited, one which can carry the inquiring mind back to the time when the Maori were

alone on the island. Here, and to the south, in the roadless Urewera Country, where the Tuhoe people—the “children of the mist”—live, the old ways may still be seen. The Maori wears the clothes of the *pakeha*—as he calls the white—in these regions, but he does not share the *pakeha*'s life. In the Urewera there are uncharted valleys and forests which must be as magic-mad as any of Bavaria and so dense that in some areas no human being can penetrate them.

In the Urewera the Maori continues to practice his *tohungaism*, or “magic.” Faith healers are common, and occasionally a Maori may still talk of shattering “yonder boulder” with a glance. The Maori wisely practices none of his arts for the visitor, but tales trickle into the white villages on the fringe of this country about miracle healings and miracle deaths. When dealing with the *pakeha* the Maori is the shrewdest of races; he will smile and tell all and by so doing tell nothing. He is much like the famed Rua, a polygamous Maori, who established a stronghold in the Urewera; his followers were taught to believe that he could walk on water. When it came time to prove this power, he would take them to the lake's edge:

“Now I shall prove that I, Rua, can walk upon the waters. Is there anyone present who doubts my power to do this?”

Whereupon everyone present would reply that they did not doubt it. Rua would then walk away with the comment: “If you all believe it, I need not prove it.” The Maori has changed little since Rua's caricature of the Artful Dodger.

One white couple of my acquaintance learned the lesson of Rua's stronghold. Warned not to hike into the district, they nevertheless persisted; they were also warned not to violate the stronghold, now deserted, by taking anything from it. After a seven mile walk from the gravel road they found the stronghold, its houses still standing. In one of the houses they found an elaborately carved walking stick, and appropriated it as a memento of the visit. That night, as they slept in one of the deserted cabins, lightning struck. All of their belongings were destroyed and the cabin burnt down; they escaped only with their lives. It is said that they found in the ashes only one item—the walking stick.

I never experienced such a frightening event among the Maori,

but in the Maori capital, Ngaruawahia, which descends to the Waikato River, I witnessed a most gripping one, a *tangi*, or funeral, the largest ever held. I watched the Maori carry their dead princess high upon a mountain for burial; watched the people march in a driving rain which was torrential; heard the cries and wails of the ten thousand Maori who came to honor their dead princess, and I knew that, despite the majesty of the mountains to the south and their magnificent waterfalls, the people were the true beauty, the progress and the blight, of this land.

The Maori of the East Cape make their living from sheep and the sea. It is fascinating to go out upon the rocks with one of them to catch the many forms of sea life which adhere to the stones, but to watch the Maori eat his fish raw is an experience not to be envied.

My Fulbright research project required that I obtain certain information from a venerable old prophet who lived on the cape, and thus, by borrowed bicycle and finally afoot, I sought him. I had hitch-hiked twelve thousand miles over New Zealand's back roads to find my quarry, and when I found him he was in no mood to cooperate. But he invited me fishing. I spent two days trying to win his confidence and to convince him that his information would not be misused, but he would talk on all subjects except that for which I came. In one stroke, on our fishing walk, I won my point, however. As we scrambled over the rocks he would stoop and pluck from the water a sea urchin, a pennywinkle, or a paua shell. The paua is somewhat like a clam, a white mussel with a black exterior, clinging tenaciously to its little haven of safety. Its colorful shell is valued in the making of jewelry. The Maori eat the paua like the oyster—raw, and on some occasions, alive. As he threw the paua to me to catch in a basket, I grabbed one in my hands and, on impulse, tore it from its shell and bit it in half. Feeling half cannibal, half ill, I finished the paua, now dead I hoped, with another bite, to the clucking of my fishing companion. That night he drew out the documents which I had so wanted to read, and the two of us, with a combination of poor English and poorer Maori, translated them.

These Maori may also fish for the small octopi, but that sport is

at its best north of Dunedin on the South Island. There the Maori will float noiselessly over the shallow rock beds in his canoe, since to catch the octopus the fisherman must keep the water unroiled. As he gazes down from his floating island, he will see an arm waving from under a rock. Suddenly he thrusts his hand under the rock. Then in one motion he must move the rock and grasp the beak of the octopus; to catch one of its arms is a sensation even the seldom squeamish Maori refuses to entertain. The octopus will open its beak as it is pulled to the surface. In darts the Maori's hand, and the octopus is literally pulled inside out and thrown upon the beach where he dies from having his innermost parts exposed. Octopi fishing is not one of the more pleasant sports, but it is filled with its share of excitement.

The South Island offers interesting sights. There one finds many large areas to explore. This island is more rural than the north one and is also generally considered the more scenic, a false assumption, I believe. There are a great mountain range, the Southern Alps, so cold in winter that beer freezes in the bottle, the land of the Canterbury Plains, the Otago Central gold rush, and much of New Zealand's fruit. It is called the "mainland"; whereas the North Island is merely "the island," a Scottish joke which tickles the funnybone not unlike a German joke. At the southern tip of the island is the port of Bluff, a cold, windy, never-summer land which goes American by claiming to have "the farthest south street light in the world," the "farthest south bench in the world," and to be the "farthest south community in the world" in its promotion literature. (Half Moon Bay, on off-shore Stewart Island, also, and more rightly, claims this.) Near here, in this land of the Southern Cross, Scott started on his fatal trip. North, at Dunedin, the first ship to transport successfully refrigerated food across the sea began its voyage, and not far northwest, in the little known fastnesses of Fiordland, Sir Edmund Hilary trained for his ascent of Mount Everest.

The highest peak in New Zealand, Mount Cook, or Aorangi, "the Cloud Piercer," sits astride the South Island. From its western slopes descend the largest glaciers in the world, the Fox and Franz Josef; below it is the tundra-like Mackenzie Country, named after a famed sheep-thief who possessed a dog of uncanny knowl-

edge. South of it is Lake Wakatipu, "the breathing lake." Here, under a range of granite peaks, is a lake sixty miles long, unsounded, blue and cold, its temperature never varying over two degrees in the year. Lake Wakatipu's level rises and falls two feet every thirty seconds, a phenomenon yet unexplained by science. West of it, reached by a narrow dirt road, is the Milford Track, "the world's wonder walk," a trail between towering peaks which rise two miles above the valley floor, leading to Sutherland Falls, once thought the highest in the world.

"The world's wonder walk" illustrates one of the facets of the New Zealand character. The Kiwi criticizes the American for boasting of having the deepest, tallest, largest, smallest, loudest, brightest, and best of everything; yet, he hastens to show his own wares in just this manner. He continues to believe his waterfall to be the highest in the world even though an important metropolitan newspaper editorialized on it as a "New Zealand myth." Proud residents of Wellington are quick to point out one of the government buildings as "the largest wooden building in the world." I also saw "the largest *kauri* tree in the world," "the longest beach in the world," the "largest warehouse in the South Island," and "the tallest silo in New Zealand."

Besides the beautiful natural features of the North and South Islands the animals make the islands even more fascinating. Perhaps one should first mention whales.

They are not so common as they once were when the *Pequod* sailed in search of Ahab's obsession and Queequeg tried to sell the shrunken Maori head. Whaling brought many whites to the early capital, Russell, on the Bay of Islands, Zane Grey's favorite fishing ground. Whales are still sought, however, and it is not an uncommon sight to see one near the entrance to Cook Strait, between the islands, or even as far north as East Cape. Whale boats are no longer used, the crow's nest having reverted to land once more. On the shore the lookout will scan the empty Pacific in the hope that it may not be empty; when the telltale greyish hump, or the spout, is seen, the crew leaves from the shore, not from a mother ship. Mechanically operated harpoons and fast boats make the danger less than it once was, but whaling continues to afford a living and fast adventure for a small group of Kiwis.

Unlike Australia, New Zealand has no dangerous snakes of any kind, and only one reptile, the tuatara, remains. This little monster, a remnant of the Age of Reptiles, is harmless and practically extinct; a few of them, which grow to lengths of two feet, live on three off-shore islands; a few are also kept in lethargic captivity in the Auckland zoo, where the "must-see-everything-tourist" may exclaim in wonder. For the tuatara has a third, a pineal, eye in the center of its forehead; this eye is useless today, a vestigial organ like the appendix of man.

While there are few animals, their absence is more than compensated for in the birdlife of the dominion. There are two hundred and seventy species of New Zealand birds, both indigenous and imported. Of these, seventy-six species are found in New Zealand alone, and are eagerly sought after by the bird watching societies, camera clubs, and even groups not unlike Munro's "watchbird watching you."

Perhaps the best known New Zealand birds are those incapable of flight. Of these the Kiwi, which gives the New Zealander his nickname, is best known, whether from contacts made between American and New Zealand troops during the war or through the shoe polish people I do not know. The Kiwi is a hairy creature about the size of a chicken; it cannot fly at all, for, unlike the chicken, it is completely wingless. Swift-footed Maori dogs almost made the Kiwi extinct, but a small Kiwi farm and an off-shore island reserve are helping to keep the bird alive. The Kiwi is a pathetic looking little fellow, who wears when pecking at the ground for bugs a preoccupied expression, as though the world hung upon the finding of that bug.

Another bird of interest is the Wry-bill Plover, the only bird in the world which has its beak to one side; a sharp curvature to the right gives the plover a chance to forage under flat stones.

But the most interesting of New Zealand birds is the Sooty Shearwater, or Mutton Bird. This brown water bird is both fascinating and useful; the Maori alone have the legal right to capture it, sailing in their ubiquitous canoes to the nests on the low-lying mutton bird islands off the south coast of South Island. Nocturnal in habit, the mutton bird flits about, uttering weird cries. I should like to inscribe its cry upon these pages, but I have learned my

lesson. I gave up my bird guide for good when I tried to reproduce the cry of the Whale Bird which, according to this little volume, goes "Zp zp."

Another animal, a tiny glow-worm, helps produce one of New Zealand's unique attractions, the grotto of the Waitomo Caves. Here, in a cavern deep within the ground, lives the *Bolitophila luminosa*, found only in New Zealand, a tiny glow-worm which hangs from the cavern roof by a long, slender thread, shining a cold, unwinking light like a diamond in an eternal sky. As one floats on an underground "river"—essential to all caves—under this eerie canopy, the illusion is that of the night above; here nature has made the microcosm of her universe.

And here I learned what the New Zealander thinks of the American and again discovered how he too can misjudge all Americans by thinking of them as types. Our guide, off-duty, observed that if the Americans had that glow-worm grotto, they would let the damn worms go hang and would put floodlights in it and hire a "name band" and "really make it pay."

My guide's remarks were similar to many I have heard since my return to America which have convinced me that we Americans must cease speaking of the English, the Australians, the New Zealanders, as though they were an identical race to the American. The American is something different, something that cannot be equated with another group. Here is one of the basic reasons for friction with the Commonwealth nations: we look upon them as nothing but Americans fifty years behind the times, and they look upon us as Englishmen gone mad. We must stop emphasizing the similarities and recognize the divisive factors which separate us; then, as independent entities, each group may accept the foibles of the other. We accept the ways of the Spaniard, for he is of a "foreign" culture; but, thinking of the English as our cousins, we resent their differences. They are as "foreign" as the Spanish in actuality. If we could learn this lesson we would find a harmonious position with the other English-speaking nations based upon a community of interests which is real rather than a community of hearts which is imagined.

New Zealand has been a socialized state that has become famous for its social legislation. This has produced a situation very similar to that existing today in Australia. The laboring man is able to

throttle the commerce of the nation when he chooses to do so as seen in the great dock strike of 1951. Paternalism toward the Maori has lowered his moral position; the five day week has caused the New Zealander to lose his enterprise and initiative. "I couldn't care less" is the favorite New Zealand expression, and one that summarizes a way of life. The schools of New Zealand, on the primary level, are outstanding, but college education leaves much to be desired; services are but grudgingly performed for money, only gladly when it is a matter of friendship.

But to judge New Zealand by American standards is wrong; it is too late for a change now in a way of life. Despite the fact that he must call upon American engineers to perform many of his tasks, that he takes three times the effort and twice the time to complete a job that the American takes, and that his country is just now entering the real industrial revolution, the New Zealander has retained something which the efficient, clear-eyed, quick-thinking vision of American youth has lost—humanness, the ability to laugh at itself.

The New Zealander has no manufactured articles to export; this is due to lack of initiative; the New Zealander has little surplus agriculture to send outside the Commonwealth; the New Zealander faces a critical housing shortage and is in the midst of a power shortage, both of which could have been avoided by foresight; but the New Zealander retains his sense of humor and comradeship, and he retains the most valuable export of all: friendship. Where there is no vision the people perish; perhaps there is no vision in a land where it is illegal to repair your automobile on Sunday if you are a mechanic by trade, where motion picture houses, amusement parks, transport, come to a halt on Sunday, and where pubs must close at six and men leave work at five-thirty, leading to a glut of drunks on the streets. But where there is friendship, where people believe the lines of their national anthem and devoutly pray "God save the Queen," the nation will endure as long as things human may be expected to endure.

New Zealand is a land of beauty without vision; the tuatara may outlast it as it has nations in the past; but we must not be the pot calling the kettle black. Only one of that venerable lizard's eyes is dead, it will be remembered; and he yet survives.

Peekaboo

DONALD BERWICK

A pale yellow butterfly lighted on a pale blue flower, and Robert Courtney was so pleased at the sight that he forgot what he was saying. The combination of colors was striking, if a bit obvious; Esther Martin squeezed Courtney's hand, and the two of them stood admiring the poised butterfly for fully thirty seconds without speaking. Then Courtney's hand began to feel limp in Esther's, and she released it. "That," he said, "is living poetry. You don't happen to know the name of the flower, do you?"

"Heavens, no." She pulled a long strand of her yellow hair down to her upper lip and made a mustache of it. "I don't know a daisy from a lily or a robin from a bluejay. No nature-lover I."

"I shouldn't have thought so," he said. "Let's flop, shall we?"

They lay down on the lawn. Courtney plucked at a blade of grass and chewed at its fresh underend. He hiked up his trousers so that the sun could get at his legs and leaned on one elbow, his green eyes prying into Esther's blue ones. "Hello, Mrs. Martin," he whispered. "Isn't it a lovely day? And aren't you glad I don't teach on Thursday afternoons?"

She meant to touch his lips gently with an affectionate fingertip, but he responded with a grimace of pain and pulled his face away. "Hey!" he shouted. "Those claws of yours!" It was true; one of her long nails had cut into his lip, and a spot of blood appeared on it.

"Sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be brutal." She flicked a scurrying ant off her bare brown arm and lay back on the grass, her hands clasped under her head. The afternoon's tenseness was leaving her, and she felt relaxed—even, for a change, sensible. "I suppose, though, I really did do it on purpose," she went on. "It was a Freudian slip. I rather resent you, Court."

"That's interesting. I resent you too."

Esther turned over on her side to look at him. The sunlight

was burnishing his brown hair, but, with a cruel impartiality, it also pointed up spots of thinness, where the scalp shone through. His sharp nose, under the long lashes of closed eyes, was quivering as he sucked at the wounded lip. "Well, there you are," she said. "Let's face it. We don't really like each other, do we?"

"No. Not much, I guess."

"You're a weak sister," she said. "You're a weak sister, Robert Courtney."

"And you?"

"I don't know. I'm certainly not strong." She sat up and glanced over at the blue flower. "That butterfly's still there," she said. "Or maybe a different one. It looks yellower."

Courtney groped for her hand. "Don't try to make conversation," he murmured. "I love you."

"Well!" said Esther.

"Well?"

She looked down at him thoughtfully. His eyes were still closed. "I suppose I ought to be dazzled," she said slowly. "You've never said that before—not without prodding, anyhow. But I'm not dazzled, Court. I'm not happy either. Instead, I—I wish Jim would hurry home."

"Now who's the weak sister?" He opened his eyes and lifted his head. Esther leaned down to his waiting lips and kissed them; then he lay back again, satisfied.

Off in the distance, the chimes of Sperry Hall began to tell the hour. Courtney sighed voluptuously. "Another hour, another day," he said. "Now you'll have your wish, Mrs. Martin."

"What wish?"

"How quickly you forget! You wished Jim would hurry home. Remember? And now he's finished his last class, waved goodbye to some final, lagging, bootlicking student, and set his weary sights for here. And tomorrow, while I'm over there casting my false pearls before those real swine, he'll be free to loll in the grass with you." He reached out and snapped his hand shut over a lazy fly; then, smiling, he released it and closed his eyes. "And will you kiss him too?" he said. "And will there be a butterfly for him?"

It was a long time before Esther spoke; when she did, her voice was harsh. "Open your eyes and look at me," she said.

"A command?" he asked, still smiling.

Instead of answering, she pinched his right arm, hard. This time, though, since she actually intended to hurt him, he simply laughed and said, "You're a weak sister, Esther Martin."

"Listen to me," she cried, relaxing her hold on his arm. "I can't keep this up, Court. It isn't fun any more. I don't know whether I love you or not. I certainly don't *like* you. I think you've got the integrity of a beetle and the spine of a mouse, but it doesn't matter. Something's gone askew in me, and I can't seem to get along without you. I do resent you, Court. It's all your fault, you see—oh, not that I'm a stupid fool and have let us get all tangled up in each other, but just that you've let it become so . . . well, so unclean."

He snorted. "This sort of thing is never clean."

"It could be, if it came from the heart—if it ended in an honest divorce and then an honest marriage. Only not this way."

She knew from long experience that he would have nothing further to say; and she knew, besides, that there was not enough courage in her alone—nor enough love, either, for that matter—to force the situation to its climax. Until he asked her to, she would never break with her husband. And so she got to her feet and shook the dust and bits of loose grass from her skirt. Courtney sat up and held out his hands. She took them and swung him up to a standing position. He turned and stood relaxed while she brushed off the seat of his trousers. Then, still silent, they walked toward the house.

When Jim Martin got home, he flung his briefcase onto the living-room sofa and peeled off his jacket and tie. Then he opened the top button of his shirt, wiped his broad forehead with an already soiled handkerchief, and pecked at Esther's cheek. "Why aren't you two out in the garden chasing a breeze?" he asked.

"We were," Esther said. "There was a butterfly there."

"It got there first," said Courtney. "We've been thinking of mixing a drink."

Jim unloosened his belt a notch and sat down. "Fine," he said. "But quit the thinking and go into action."

Courtney smiled and got to his feet; the smile was a friendly one, and it softened the contours of his sharp nose.

"Don't get in Flora's way," Esther called after him as he went out. She was lying on the floor across the room from her husband. "Flora's baking a cake," she said. "I told her not to. It's beastly hot in the kitchen. But she *would*, and she *is* . . . Only dopes teach summer school. We could have been in Maine by now."

"We could have been in debt too."

"Only dopes and misers." She yawned and searched the corners of her eyes with little plucking fingers. "Shall we ask Court to stay for dinner?"

"Doubt if he will," Jim said. "He's probably got a date—with nubility." He pronounced the last word with loving care.

"Darling," Esther said lazily. "Have you been rehearsing that one?"

"Used it in the faculty club yesterday. It went over rather well. I suppose it's because they're not married to me. My students think I'm kind of bright too. I was reading Shelley to them this afternoon. They laughed like anything."

Esther sat up and hugged her knees. "I'm twenty-eight years old," she said.

"Apropos of what?" He raised his eyebrows.

"I don't know exactly. It popped into my mind, that's all." She was silent for a moment; then: "There's plenty to eat," she said. "If he wants to stay, he can."

Jim lighted a cigarette, and, when Esther clicked her tongue and crooked a finger, he tossed his pack and lighter over to her. He was settled comfortably in his chair by now, and his big face no longer oozed sweat. He looked a bit like a tycoon at ease, except that the set of his heavy body suggested muscular strength rather than flabbiness, and the expression around his dark eyes was not bland but intelligent. A heartbreaking sense of her own unworthiness swept over Esther, and suddenly, with great tenderness, she knew that he deserved at least a hint of her secret. "Jim," she began, "if only I could explain . . ." She stopped and started again. "Court and I . . ."

"I've been thinking," he interrupted. "We ought to get the guy married off. He's more level-headed than you think, you know. Needs a good wife, that's all. For a couple of years now, the three

of us have been having lots of fun together, but it ought to be a foursome. We could play bridge."

"Listen to me," said Esther. But he seemed not to be listening, and the words sounded ludicrous to her, for they were just a weak echo of what she had cried to Courtney in the garden.

Jim went on speaking as though he hadn't heard her. "Of all the people I know," he said, "I'm one of the least slow-witted. Or do I seem to be boasting?"

"You're bright enough."

"Then let's find a woman for Court. Otherwise, maybe he'll start falling seriously in love with *you* soon. And we wouldn't like that. It'd ruin this pleasant relationship of ours."

"But, Jim," she said. And then, once more, "Listen to me!"

He ground out his cigarette. "Good lord, it's hot," he said, huskily. "Too much effort even to smoke."

Courtney came in from the kitchen with a pitcher of Manhattans in one hand and three glasses in the other. While he poured, Esther said, "Want to stay to dinner, Court?" and after a moment's pause he accepted the invitation. "Just give me an hour or so to go home and bathe. I feel pretty sloppy after all that garden-sitting," he added. Over the Manhattans, Courtney and Jim discussed Wordsworth's *Prelude*, which Courtney had last read while an undergraduate at Princeton in 1938. Esther sat quietly twirling her glass in her hand, making no effort to listen nor to give the impression that she was listening. Then the two men switched to talk of Eliot and Christopher Fry, and before long they were playing their favorite game of tossing recondite lines of poetry to each other; Jim managed to spot and identify more of Courtney's lines than Courtney did of his, and so when Courtney got up to go, Jim begged him not to. "To hell with cleaning up," he said, his voice a trifle fuzzy from the cocktails. "There's no rule here about dressing for dinner."

"I've got to go home anyhow," said Courtney. "I've just remembered. That Whitney girl—you know her. She's got titian hair and a yen for culture—she said she'd drop by, about five-thirty this afternoon. I promised to lend her my copy of *The Cocktail Party*. I ought to be there when she arrives." He walked out of the room unsteadily. "See you later," he mumbled.

"Hurry back," Jim shouted after him.

There was half an inch of watered Manhattan still in the bottom of the pitcher. Esther poured it into her glass and then dabbled her index finger in it for a moment before downing it.

The telephone rang just as the Martins had decided to begin dinner; Courtney hadn't shown up and they were sick of waiting. "There he is now," Esther said. "You take it." But Jim made no effort to get to his feet. The phone rang again; she lighted a cigarette and took a long puff before she strolled over to answer it.

Courtney's voice sounded far away and tired. "I had trouble getting rid of little Miss Whitney," he said. "And I've got a headache. Do you mind if I just hole in here?"

"Naturally not," said Esther. "I don't see why you bothered to phone at all. Flora enjoys being kept on tenterhooks, and *we* don't matter."

"Now don't get mad," Courtney said. "I feel awful. Honest I do."

"Good. I'm glad to hear it." She turned to Jim. "He's not coming," she said. "He's got a premature hangover."

Jim dragged himself out of his chair. "He's just being difficult," he said. "Let *me* talk to him."

Esther gave the phone to Jim and went out to the front porch for a breath of air. It was nearly evening, and, in the strange, fading light, the leaves of the scrawny bushes on the lawn seemed to be separated each from each by tiny silver needles. The street was so quiet that she could hear the sound of Jim's soft voice as he spoke to Courtney, but she didn't bother to listen. Without even thinking about it, she was sure that Courtney had not been held up by his guest and that he had no headache; she was sure, too, that all he wanted was to be coaxed, since, if Jim begged him to spend the evening with them, he could feel free to come with a clear conscience.

All this had happened before. Soon Jim would join her on the porch and say "He'll be right over," and in ten minutes Court's mangy old roadster would come chugging down the street. He would jump out, apologize charmingly, and run up the steps. Life

would go on as it had been going on for the past six months—a peekaboo existence of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't.

She stood quietly, watching for the car, biting her nails and half wishing it wouldn't turn up.

C H R I S T M A S

By T H O M A S O . B R A N D T

Out of the frozen desert,
in the riverless sands
with distant cries
and endless horizons,
the quiet flame
of a rose in bloom
has risen,
tender,
and not of this world.

Above it the brightest of stars
and the wings of winds in the heavens.

Four poems

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

CHOICE: WRITTEN, LIVED

Only extremes hold interest. Take Manhattan towers
where wed or unwed mates are often wives
only in name, where a fifty-fifty proposition
is proof of love, cash on the line, or sharpened knives

pocketed or pursed—hate no less ready
than that in the borrowed walk-ups—wait to strike.
So do the headlines scream lust of a penthouse folly
while with his Christmas pistol aimed at the neighbor's tyke

Junior indulges in homicidal, cute adventures.
As the mother thumbs the dirty evening page
suburban sisters bicker over TV dials,
each having a favorite moll on the so exciting stage.

Mom turns then to the theme, WHO STABBED THE
BRUNETTE MODEL?
and pity tugs her heart for one who came
from the wrong side of the tracks, as the larger of her daughters,
her "father's little girl," sneaks out and joins the game

modern as jargon, private as darkness, spiced with phrases—
the childhood "stick" and "pop"—near the childhood stores.
Then mother screams to night while monkeys claw her darling,
the white back ridden while the lamb-filled father snores.

THE BRUTE GOES EVERYWHERE

The brute goes everywhere.
He strikes the healthy tree;
he uses his wrath to strike
the fruit that is not to be.

He is in the lovely snow;
he is like warring blood
as the snow become the course
of the vast torrential flood.

He strikes in the savage spring;
he is the small thing torn
by the hard claw—white white fur
caught by the meadow's thorn.

He is the bright thing speared
by the strong thing in air;
even song, to live,
must have its weaker share.

And the tamed and well-fed brute
joins the pleasant race,
in season, friend, of course . . .
after saying grace.

His eyes light up with pride,
or is it bestial joy
when the small white corpse in wood
is bagged by his boy?

One brute kills to live.
One—hear the hunter's cry,
his prayer for blood this day—
one kills . . . kills, to die!

TO LIVE COMPLETELY

To live completely,
to live in wide clean rooms
of a fine house,
the raised blinds showing the world
a house of light,
is to live no lie—

unless, unless the
rooms are painted cells
where the soul waits
its endless sentences out
as it feels that night
and death cannot die.

FOR MARK VAN DOREN

See:

not quickly leaf and blossom;
slowly
widen eyes so that a morning's sight,
bathed in green might like new branches
rise as freshest miracles from sight.

Hear:

not loudly shriek and frenzy;
stilly
turn the deep drum; hear the magic ground
pure and whole as childhood's perfect seashell
wherein is heard the seven seas' wide sound.

The causes of public unrest in education

PALMER HOYT

I am convinced that there is a great unrest in education. For example, a survey of 522 school systems, covering every section of the United States, released recently at the Miami session of the National Education Association, revealed the fact that American school teachers are reluctant to consider controversial questions in the classroom. While school boards, it was found, have no policy against the discussion of controversial issues, the teachers most often expressed themselves as reluctant to discuss controversial issues because of possible community repercussions. It was pointed out in the survey that in ordinary times, the teachers could discuss such issues as communism, United Nations, religious education, etc., without fear of reprisals. But, the survey suggests, these are not ordinary times.

To leap suddenly from the general to the specific: early last winter I had the privilege of delivering the William Allen White memorial address at the University of Kansas. In that talk I made some relatively mild criticisms of the congressional capers of Joseph McCarthy, the junior senator from Wisconsin. I received a lot of letters, most of them agreeing with my position, which suggested that newspapers should be chary of cooperating with the senator in his witch hunts and should be reluctant to turn over their front pages to serve as courtrooms for his purges.

One letter interested me very much. It was from a school teacher in Boston, Massachusetts, who gave me a pat on the back for taking a stand about Senator McCarthy. Although the letter writer's endorsement was mild, and my speech could hardly be called fevered, he wound up with: "Of course, I cannot sign my name to this letter." To me this was tragically significant.

This unrest about education stems logically from a number of sources, such as two World Wars, the unresolved action in Korea, the rise of totalitarianisms, the misconception about communism, the default and fall of the liberals, the atomic age with its A-

Bomb, H-Bomb and other fantastic instruments of sudden death, advances in mass communications, the attempts of education to fulfill the demands made on it, and finally, the loyalty oath controversy.

You may have noticed that in the above listing I have ignored what is probably the most specific cause of unrest within education; namely, mccarthyism. What is mccarthyism? It is the totalitarian device of making the charge more important than the law, the evidence, the verdict or the trial. To visualize the ultimate in mccarthyism, think now of William Oatis, of Cardinal Mindszenty, and innumerable other beneficiaries of Communist justice.

Accepting mccarthyism as a fact, then we must ask how could such a hybrid come to life in the name of democracy? The liberals of this country became so preoccupied with condemning fascism and Hitlerism that for many years communism seemed to some of the more articulate and to some of the fuzzy minded to be an idyllic, pastoral dream. In their distorted concepts, they envisioned a kindly old man with handle-bar mustache, engaged in pleasant conversation about dialectic materialism with groups of starry-eyed, but well fed college students—good old Joe.

Then, suddenly, the three-dimensional march of events unmasked the selfless reformers, exposed to the rude gaze of world scrutiny that the "Communists" were merely Russian imperialists bent on ruthless conquest as unmistakably as any of their Czarist ancestors. This shocking revelation sent our liberals fleeing for whatever cover offered itself. This sudden withdrawal by many American intellectuals created one of the greatest vacuums in history. As you know, nature abhors a vacuum so something rushed in. Who was it? What was it? Believe it or not, it was the little old junior senator from Wisconsin, the honorable Joseph R. McCarthy.

How did McCarthy get started as an assassin of character and as a top flight headline embezzler? A partial explanation is to be found in a speech made by Dr. Gordon Sabine, Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Oregon, and former Wisconsin newspaperman. Speaking recently before the Oregon State Press, Dean Sabine described McCarthy as the

one who finally found the real headline-making arena in attacking

Communists in our government, and who took some ancient, warmed-over figures from our own state department, and parlayed them into front page copy all over the country by representing them as new cases, which they were not; and as his own discovery, which they were not; and first as 205 Communists and then only 81, and then only 57, and then only 3 big cases, and then just one lone case in which he said he would stake his entire charge, and finally none since he was not able to prove even that one.

But let's go on and further analyze Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. A wise lawyer friend suggested to me that I study the Constitution of the United States in terms of reference to McCarthy's extraordinary political career. Here are my findings. I found that the government of the United States, like Gaul of historic reference, is divided into three parts—the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial. I found on the Legislative side, of which Senator McCarthy is a duly elected unit, that he represents of this phase of our national government one-531st part. There are 96 senators and 435 representatives, and Mr. McCarthy represents but one-531st part of this Legislative complement. And yet, this one-531st part is now usurping the functions of the Executive, of the Legislative and of the Judicial.

A study of the Constitution reveals some other interesting matters, such as the right of Congress to investigate. That right is clearly indicated and clearly provided. However, there is no law or connotation of the law, or concept of the law that I can find that contemplates Mr. McCarthy's taking over the function of the Chief Executive, of the Department of State, of the Department of Justice, of the Attorney General, of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover or of the approximately one hundred U. S. district attorneys in the United States.

Conceding that as a legislator, Senator McCarthy has the authority to conduct investigations, it is still part of the obvious intent of the law that fair play and what we ordinarily call "due process" should obtain in the conduct of these *quasi* judicial courts. For example, it *would seem* under the American system that a witness should be apprised of what he is charged with; who is charging him with what; that he should have a chance to face both the who and the what; that McCarthy should concern him-

self in seeking the truth, and should abandon his practice of asking loaded questions.

A good example of this sort of thing is the McCarthy-Conant exchange on June 15 of last year, vis-a-vis the "book burning." I quote from the record:

Senator McCarthy: May I ask you this: Our committee has recently exposed the fact that there are some 30,000 publications by Communist authors on information shelves, many of them in Germany. I am not speaking of the books that explain the workings of the Communist party. I am not speaking of the books available to the employees of HICOG (High Commission for Germany). We both realize that they must read those Communist books to know the Communist objectives. I am referring to the books by Communist authors on our shelves, with our stamp of approval, some 30,000. May I ask what your attitude toward that is? Do you favor taking those books off the shelves? Would you favor leaving them on the shelves? Would you favor discontinuing the purchase of those books or continuation of that purchase?

Commissioner Conant: As I understand it, the whole book purchase program has been arranged here in Washington in the past, and the question of what seemed to be the best authors to put on the shelves, from the point of view of our objectives, has been worked out here. If I had that responsibility directly—it is clearly one that has to be delegated—I should have to examine each case pretty carefully to see what our Communist author was, what his point of view was, and whether the reading of that book by the Germans would do us more good than harm.

These paragraphs I have just quoted are typical of the colloquy that went on between the senator and the commissioner for half an hour. The tragedy is that Dr. James Bryant Conant, one of the brilliant minds of America, failed to ask the senator the one question that would have stopped that type of examination in its tracks. All the commissioner needed to say to the senator was, "I cannot discuss these books with you unless I know what they are. What books are you talking about, Senator, and who wrote them?"

Five days later, on June 20th, the Associated Press replied to a request from the *Denver Post* as follows: "Please tell *Post* no book burning list available. Have been prodding state department for one, but so far don't even have official confirmation there is a list."

Then later in the same afternoon, further clarification was received from the Associated Press:

Re book burning, we have been making repeated efforts at state department, but without success. Officials will neither confirm that such a list of banned books exists nor name any of the volumes. In the absence of an official listing of such books, believe inadvisable to carry from other sources.

On July 9th the following message was sent by Ed Dooley, managing editor of the *Denver Post*, to the Associated Press:

In view McCarthy's repeated statements in Conant hearing that there are thirty thousand books on banned lists, it seems to us unbelievable state department still claiming no banned book list available. If state department won't make list available, please ask McCarthy for representative sampling list.

This message brought the following answer a few hours later:

Please attention Ed Dooley re his overhead message, to A13-14 yesterday's day report re lists and tell him we've been pressing state and McCarthy repeatedly for weeks without success. Renewed efforts today so far unsuccessful.

That is mccarthyism. That is madness.

At this point I go on record as being violently opposed to communism and all that it represents. I also go on record as being violently opposed to mccarthyism. And I say also that I am particularly disgusted with ex-Communists who refuse to testify before any court of investigation with the feeble words: "I claim immunity under the first and fifth amendments," or "I refuse to testify on the ground that it might tend to incriminate me."

My philosophy and my belief tell me that a professor who is an ex-Communist should be willing at least to state that he is not now a Communist. I would suggest the simplest safeguard for universities and education generally is the Conant-Eisenhower thesis that the facts and history of communism must be taught but that Communists must not teach. And may I say further that if a teacher cannot for one reason or another break his bonds with communism that he should be discharged as a teacher, because if he is still in debt to the devil of communism, he is ill prepared to present to the youth of this country the truth that will be their salvation.

At this point, I would be less than realistic if I did not recognize that over the unrest in education is a cloud of fear—a black cloud

of fear that covers our country like a London fog. Nor would I deny that in the vortex of this potential storm is the saturnine junior senator from Wisconsin, with his five o'clock shadow, blending perfectly into the mounting darkness of the age. Far too many of our national leaders are afraid of Joseph R. McCarthy and mccarthyism; namely, the teachers, the preachers, the politicians, and, if you please, the newspaper editors. In many cases, they are afraid of the little McCarthys that have been produced at the state level, because, unfortunately for the immediate future of our democracy, unfounded charges have become the spirit of the day.

What to do about these matters? I would like to tell you that the *Denver Post* has done something about mccarthyism. This memorandum from me to the news staff defines our course of action.

In view of the mounting tide of mccarthyism, I would like to review with you certain precautions which may be taken to guard against loose charges, irresponsible utterances and attempts at character assassination by 'spokesmen,' official or otherwise. First: Instruct the news staff always to evaluate the source of the charge. Second: Ask the news staff to weigh the story and see what they would do with it if official immunity were lacking. Three: Discuss with the news staff the general proposition of whether or not the *Post* can withhold publication of this particular moot story until proper proof or a qualifying answer can be obtained from the person, organization or group accused. Four: Ask the news staff whether they of their own knowledge know a doubtful charge to be false, and to apply any reasonable doubt they may have to the treatment of the story. Five: In connection with banner lines or other headlines on this type of story, ask the news staff to determine whether wording is used as shock treatment or to summarize the facts.

It is obvious that many charges made by reckless or impulsive public officials cannot and should not be ignored, but it seems to me that news stories and headlines can be presented in such a manner that the reading public will be able to measure the real worth or value and the true meaning of the stories.

We are anxious to take every possible step to protect the innocent and give everyone under the fire of McCarthy or other "official" spokesmen every possible chance to defend himself. As far as the *Post* is concerned, the accused will be given every opportunity to prove his case and the *Post* stands ready to print rebuttal or comment.

The responsibility of educators to their nation is not unlike that of the newspaper to its readers. If any universities in general or the American Council of Education in particular have the desire to help set the educational ship on a straight course in these troubled times instead of spending their time in fear and trembling of Senator McCarthy, they might investigate the senator and report their findings to the people. In endorsing a similar proposal by President George N. Schuster of Hunter College, the *Denver Post* on March 29, 1953, suggested this course.

A sound basis for such an investigation would be the report of the senate's own subcommittee on privileges and elections. The substance of this report should be given more widespread public distribution than it has. It would open the eyes of many people, and should be a fit subject for classroom discussion in any university or college in the land.

Will you, by passivity or silence, permit education and educators to be put in the position of accepting mccarthyism as a guardian of our institutions, or as a weapon for their defense? If you do—if I do—we are recreant to our duty to protect, by affirmative action, the freedoms now threatened alike by communism, fascism and mccarthyism.

Instead, I commend to you the Quaker courage of an educator known, I am sure, to many of you—Dr. Kermit Eby, of the University of Chicago. Dr. Eby was subpoenaed before the Jenner subcommittee of the senate. He was not told why he had been called. Questioned briefly in executive session, he was dismissed, still without explanation. He asked for and was denied a public hearing that would have put on the open record the questions asked him and his replies.

In a speech at the University of Chicago on July 7 of last year, Dr. Eby warned his colleagues—and all of us—where that sort of star chamber inquisition is leading. He said:

. . . the churches are next. . . . The intellectuals first, because they are easy picking, since, like Socrates, they tend to take the hemlock as a personal protest, one by one. . . . But if the great universities are got down, it will be twice as hard for the churches to stand. The time has come to close ranks, and to say with Luther, "Here I stand. By the grace of God, I can do no other."

In summary, let me sound a note of hope, even while raising a signal flag of warning. As the continentals of George Washington's first "rabble in arms" regrouped after each early defeat by the British and rose to the pinnacles of heroism and victory, so are American liberals consolidating their somewhat ragged forces today against totalitarianism, be it of the McCarthy or communist variety.

Men like Harvard's own president-elect, Dr. Nathan Marsh Pusey, are not likely to be frightened from the pursuit of truth by Senator McCarthy's insulting description of him as a "rabid anti-Communist." Nor will they embrace all Communists as innocently misguided liberals—a mistake I am proud to say was not made by genuine intellectuals in the American liberal movement, including Dr. Pusey's distinguished predecessor, Dr. Conant.

It is my confident belief that this nation is in transit through the periphery of an ideological renaissance—away from the outer darkness of fear, suspicion and smear and toward the inner light of truth, fair play, and due process of law. As with that Red paradise of the proletariat, mccarthyism is revealed in all its ugliness and hypocrisy in such light—and may that light shine ever brighter.

But the struggle is an endless one, never quite won—ever to be pursued. Thus it is with freedom. Thus it is with education—perpetually in ferment, thriving on unrest, taking nourishment from new ideas and warmed by the conflicts that recur in constant challenges to orthodoxy. Unrest based on professional inquiry, unrest arising from the clash of pure flowing intellectual tides, unrest rooted in exploration—such unrest is fundamental to education. But unrest born of unconfessed intellectual fraud, that is a product of adulterated liberalism and diluted patriotism, unrest that is an expression of timidity and fear—such unrest is a disgrace to and a denial of man's highest aspirations, his noblest achievements.

I urge that there be a reaffirmation of education's historic role in the improvement of the human race—a role that demands both brains and courage, and an affirmation of unshakable faith by those who would carry high the torch of truth.

The press and individual responsibility

DORIS FLEESON

Truth is our business, and in the pursuit of truth there is very little room for anything but hard work and humility. We reporters may turn a formidable visage upon our quarry but actually we are easily awed by one white feather from the wing of truth. They are rarer than you think.

Francis Bacon, the philosopher, nobly expressed the view that sustains us when he wrote:

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.

We are indebted also to Bacon for the captivating capsule in which he encased the crucial moment of the greatest story of recorded time. It too—but of course—dealt with truth. “‘What is truth?’ asked jesting Pilate and would not stay for an answer.” It was his privilege not to stay: he was a politician. Fortunately it is not the privilege of the press.

Pontius Pilate was a rather undistinguished Roman pro-consul who suffered from the occupational disease of politicians which is timidity. I do not like the harsher charge of cowardice. I am sure that the politician, when the chips are down, will behave as well as the rest of the human race—and of course not better. Pilate was not an evil man. He was a Roman foreign service officer with a very proper desire to promote Rome's most famous product: Roman justice, that's what he was in Judea for. But he was scared stiff—as better men than he before and since have been—that Senators might raise questions from the floor about his management of the troublesome affair of the Nazarene Messiah in the foreign and therefore suspect country where he served. Perhaps Senators might even demand a loyalty and security check of his, Pilate's, beliefs and connections if his judgments proved faulty.

If Pilate were alive in Washington today he almost certainly

the press

would belong to the Burning Tree golf club and he would be driving a Cadillac, kindness of the government. His wife, the Lady Claudia, would of course have a platinum mink coat. And it is almost a dead ripe cinch that Pilate would again ask the question: "What is truth?" and instead of waiting for an answer, again wash his hands and turn over to Senator McCarthy or Chairman Velde of the House Un-American Activities committee the job of answering in their own peculiar fashion. And this is where we of the press come in. The answer is our business.

I am sure it comes as no surprise to Westerners that I, a Kansan born and bred, should turn to *The Book* for my text. I anticipate no challenge however from political reporters to the above comparisons which were suggested to me by the Dorothy Sayers's play cycle, *The Man Born to Be King*. Yes, this is the same Miss Sayers to whom we are indebted for the erudite detective, Lord Peter Wimsey. I was very mad at her myself for abandoning him for Anglican theology until I had the privilege of hearing the BBC broadcast her play cycle while bombs were falling upon London.

Miss Sayers points out that Pilate had a lot of helpers as well as few critics when he ducked his own question. "Caiaphas was the ecclesiastical politician appointed like one of Hitler's bishops, expressly that he might collaborate with the New Order and see that the Church toed the line drawn by the State. We have seen something of Caiaphas lately," she wrote. Miss Sayers discovered the Elders of the Synagogue on every parish council—always highly respectable, often quarrelsome and sometimes in a crucifying mood.

She draws the obvious moral:

We played the parts in that tragedy. . . . For the Christian affirmation is that a number of quite commonplace human beings, in an obscure province of the Roman Empire, killed and murdered God Almighty—quite casually, almost as a matter of religious and political routine and certainly with no notion that they were doing anything out of the way. Their motives on the whole were defensible and in some respects praiseworthy. There was some malice, some weakness and no doubt some wresting of the law—but no more than we are accustomed to find in the conduct of human affairs. By no jugglings of fate . . . but by that destiny which is character and by the unimaginative following of their ordinary standards of behavior they were led with ghastly inevitability to the commission of the crime of crimes.

Miss Sayers suggests that we prefer to think that this was all done by people very remote from ourselves in the noblest manner but she refuses to absolve us.

Unhappily if we think about it at all we must think otherwise. God was executed by people painfully like us in a society very similar to our own—in the over-ripeness of the most splendid and sophisticated Empire the world has ever seen. In a nation famous for its religious genius and under a government renowned for its efficiency, He was executed by a corrupt church, a timid politician and a fickle proletariat led by professional agitators. [It was] a bloody, dusty, sweaty, sordid business.

She invites you to be shocked and asserts that if it does not shock you, nothing can.

Now I do not mean to suggest that I have found for you a perfect or an indispensable man and I am not summoning you to a crusade. I do not say that we are uncomfortably close to shirking a similar challenge. The truth of our times is exceptionally hard to find. Even if people care enough and fight hard enough for truth's right to be heard, we may not escape further indictment of history. We have a chance but only a chance because we are threatened from without and within by techniques which invent their own truth, wrap them in the flag and parade them to the tune of the National anthem. Then they demand that we stand at attention as they pass by on the ground that they are "sincere." Remember George Orwell? "All animals are sincere but some are more sincere than others."

It is time to remind some of our would-be leaders that the founding fathers did not adopt "*e pluribus* uniformity" as the national motto. They said "*e pluribus unum*" in conscious affirmation of their conviction that from the many voices of Americans free to speak, to question and to argue, one strong national will could best be forged.

I have often thought how much I should enjoy hearing that many-sided genius, Thomas Jefferson, testify before the House Un-American Activities committee. I would be willing to bet that he would have lost his temper if Senator McCarthy had attempted to make a private deal with the Barbary pirates.

I do not look for a change of heart on the part of the leaders of
the press

the drive for conformity. I agree with Agnes Meyer that they are socially ill, neurotically determined to avenge themselves upon the community of free men who reject their standards. Actually while they are a problem to themselves and to us as individuals, their main importance lies in the support they attract because they are useful at the moment to a campaign or a party, a candidate or a cause. I personally think that Fritz Thyssen's account of how the German industrialists thought they would use Hitler and then discard him ought to be required reading for every political campaign contributor.

Our complacency, which seems to some of us and to all foreigners so remarkable, is no more new than are the pressures for conformity. Because of the obvious merits of democracy—and they are currently thrown into glaring relief by fascism and communism—we tend to forget its dangers. We narcotize ourselves with the belief that because we mean so well, all will be well. Yet probably our most acute critic and warm admirer, de Tocqueville, accurately described our present danger back in 1835 when he wrote:

The main evil . . . of the present democratic institutions of the United States does not arise from their weakness but from their overpowering strength. I am not so much alarmed at the excessive liberty which reigns in that country as the very inadequate securities which exist against tyranny.

De Tocqueville's indictment is a formidable one:

I know of no country in which there is so little true independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America. . . . In America the majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion. . . . An author will repent if he ever steps beyond those barriers. Before he published his opinions he imagines that he held them in common with others; but no sooner has he declared them openly than he is loudly censured by his over-bearing opponents while those who think like him, not having the courage to speak, abandon him in silence. . . . I found few men in the immense crowd which throngs the avenues to power in the United States who display manly candor and that masculine independence of opinion which frequently distinguished Americans in former times.

The founding fathers, he concluded, soared on the crest of a wave

of "agitation of mind common at that period." They were lucky, he implied, to be born in their time.

Pessimistic observations of this kind were provoked only lately from Europe in a somewhat different form by the swift travels of Senator McCarthy's quiz kids, Absolutely Mr. Cohn and Positively Mr. Schine. Of course in between we have had the Know Nothing party and the Ku Klux Klan. Huey Long's reply to the question: "Will America ever go Fascist?" is justly famous: "Sure it will," said that tough-minded politician. "But we will call it anti-fascism." With a crystal ball in working order he could not more accurately have called the turn.

Our peculiar susceptibility to our own slogans, ever so slightly but sufficiently twisted, perhaps accounts for the failure of communism to take hold in America. Despite all the efforts to doll up communism in America with leaders and figureheads supposed to have impeccable American backgrounds, it was and is an alien doctrine. Its policies and decisions have been manufactured not here, but in accordance with views of men and women far away.

And let us not doubt that at all: communism *is* a failure in the United States. Even at its peak the American Communist Party counted no more than 170,000 actual members. Whatever the membership is today it is far less than that. John Edgar Hoover testified recently before a committee of Congress that he knew the names of all of them. Knowing the efficiency of the FBI, we cannot doubt Mr. Hoover's word.

The base that the Communists built in the labor unions is rapidly being whittled away. The Communist press has either died or is dying for lack of support. The front organizations, such as remain in being, are having difficulties equal to those of the *Daily Worker*. It is significant that the various Congressional probings into communism are now chiefly turning up people who *used to be Communists*.

It has been demonstrated thoroughly that hard-core Communists in this country are dangerous in that they can be persuaded to be spies or to cooperate with the Soviet spy apparatus. This is the basic reason why the vigilance of the FBI must be, as it is, unceasing. We must not forget, however, that if there were no Communist party in the United States, the Soviet espionage system

would still be at work within our borders. The Communist party in America may be a convenience to the Soviet spy system. Lately at least it is probably more of a nuisance because it is so well-advertised. Certainly it is not an essential.

But while the Communist party is not essential to the Soviet espionage system, it surely is to the extremist groups at the other end of the political spectrum. As communism everywhere has sought to make political capital out of actual or implied fascism, so actual or implied fascism has made capital out of communism. One brand of totalitarianism feeds off the other.

If communism failed, at least in part, because it had no American background, no genuine American tradition, and no American leaders with finality of authority, not so the totalitarianism on the other side. That other super-American totalitarianism which we have learned to call McCarthyism is strictly homegrown and it seeks to discredit our very origins. The concept of the United States, its constitution, its government, its free institutions, and the hopes and purposes behind them, all grew out of the great liberal ferment which swept Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But the great ideas of this revolutionary period, ideas of free speech and freedom of the press and freedom of religion among them—the right to equal justice before the laws and equality of opportunity—seem suddenly to have been made foreign by this new totalitarianism. The man who believes—and says so—in the right to be held innocent until proved guilty, is suspect. How else would you ascribe attacks made on the American Civil Liberties Union by members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities? How else would you ascribe attacks made on the libel-proof floor of the House of Representatives on Bishop Oxnham, one of the world's leading Protestant clergymen?

What a convenient label communism is. If one is for public housing, one is a Communist. If one is for more and better schools and higher pay for teachers, one is a Communist. If one is for full citizenship privileges for all Americans, one is a Communist. Like the Communists, our new spokesmen offer the most complete valet service in the world. They will do all of our thinking for us. This is no minor temptation—thinking is hard work. Most people would rather clean the basement any day.

We should remember also that blueprints for the growth of

Hitlerism and Stalinism in Germany and Russia were conveniently written in advance by those twin tyrants and nobody read them. Perhaps what is happening to us has been written already. Did Huxley do it in *Brave New World*? Or was George Orwell the pre-historian in 1984? The democratic people of Germany did not really believe the prophecies of *Mein Kampf*. Perhaps McCarthyism will not produce a book about its purposes and aims, but Huxley and Orwell have all too clearly shown the kind of world that the new American totalitarianism will lead us to. In all this the press must play its part. As Dean Acheson once reminded editors meeting in Washington: "I and my associates are only the victims of this mad and vicious conspiracy; you are participants, ashamed and unwilling though you may be." Some friends of Senator McCarthy recently complained that the press has been unkind to their hero. The reverse is true. Senator McCarthy is in large part a creation of the press.

There is something about the dog days that lets most any news ripen in America. Those first charges which brought the Senator to the front pages and which kept him there were the product of dog days when legitimate news seems always to be scarce. Since then he has manipulated the front pages almost at will, creating the conflicts which the news feeds upon, embroiling himself with more newsworthy personalities to add the impact of their names to his own. The institution of the press conference has been his sounding board. All the tricks of the press agent, known only too well to editors and reporters alike, have been pulled time and time again. He is a master at breaking a story in installments so as to make the front pages three or four times with the same story. He has had friends in the press and still has. That they should treat him well we have come to expect. But he has had an almost equal success in using the newspapers which are opposed to his philosophy, which are perfectly well aware of where McCarthyism would lead America, and which, on the editorial page would fight him every step of the way.

Conflict and personality are the way to the headlines in America—preferably a combination of both. And who ever saw more conflict or the involvement of more top personalities? And who ever saw more effectively employed that dream of the propagandists, the repetition of the same charges day after day, repeti-

tion which is required to beat either lies or facts into all too many minds.

Let us take another side of this coin—the so-called “tidelands” bill which, of course, is nothing of the sort. Tidelands is a phrase invented by propagandists fighting federal control of the oil-rich land beneath the marginal sea. The issue has been the subject of one of the longest debates in the history of Congress. It has been fought and argued over for nearly fifteen years. And, let us say it, there has been no bill of such importance passed by Congress in my memory which has been understood so little and misunderstood so much.

Perhaps if the old Curmudgeon or George Norris had been alive and at the height of their powers in this debate, the proceedings might have made the headlines as they rarely did. People often make choices as to issues because of the personalities involved. They accept the position of A because he is a good man in their estimation, and damn the position of B because they think he is a bad man.

Here was a bill in which no commanding personalities were involved. Here was an argument in which the conflict seemed pretty far removed from immediate interests. So the arguments which went on for hours, and some of them were important and newsworthy, went little noticed. The big news was the length of the speeches, not their content.

The *New York Times* which certainly knows the issues involved commented editorially that the news of this debate was being underplayed by the newspapers. And the *Times* continued to put the story inside the paper. The most prominent story on the debate printed by the *Times* and possibly most papers came when Senator Wayne Morse broke the all-time record for a filibuster. What he said got almost no notice, only his vocal prowess. It is rather like us Americans to applaud most loudly for extreme physical exertion.

I would be the last person to desire dullness in the news. But there is a point at which a balance must be struck. Fewer and fewer deliberate distortions of the news are made by editors today. Overwhelmingly editors seek to inform their readers accurately as to the current issues. No one would wish them to edit their

papers down to dullness. But one can ask them to edit more, not less. One can ask them not to be taken in by the razzle-dazzle of a mountebank when they know full well that they are being tricked. Is the final test of the value of a headline its content of sensationalism right or wrong? Can there be better writing of truly important stories so as to make them worthy of headlines? Can we get more reporters with a sense of perspective and proportion?

More editors are getting a taste of what McCarthyism really is and where it leads today. One has been called to testify to the grand inquisitor himself in secret session. Doubtless some editors enjoyed McCarthy's treatment of the Democrats on the theory that men long in office are always fair game. But now they see this new force in American life keep right on as if there had been no change in administration. So what then?

Let no one doubt it. There are American faces and American names in this new force. They wave bigger flags than anybody else. They make claim to more and purer patriotism than anyone else. But it is the same old pattern we have seen unfold in other countries and at other times. Hysterical demands for absolute conformity will be the end of free speech and free thought in America. And with them will go that bastion of all our freedoms, the freedom of the press. To the extent that any American refrains from saying what he thinks because of the present political climate, he is repealing the Bill of Rights. Do you deny that many now do refrain?

This is revolution through power. This is the revolution that is taking place today. It is being speeded by our national habit of sentimentalizing harsh realities and emotionalizing our reactions to them. And make no mistake: Power is the true goal of McCarthyism.

To us reporters and editors such harsh realities are our stock in trade. Or they should be. It is precisely when we sentimentalize them or glamourize them to the point where our readers may discount them that we avoid and vitiate our responsibility. We have been told often enough that journalism is ephemeral, that what we write and print is of no lasting consequence. With great respect to the poets, to the novelists, even to the historians, this is just not so. Perhaps one story in one day's issue of a newspaper

may not seem important in the cosmic scheme of things. But cumulatively the power of what we do as reporters and editors is not surpassed. The newspaper is now and probably always will remain the prime source of history—not only the history which will be written decades hence, but the moving force of current history. Forms and means of presentation may change, but not the need for good reporting and intelligent editing in a free world which can only remain free if it understands the facts of its existence.

Perhaps we have been living in a world in which challenges have been not great enough to demand the best of us every day. That sort of a relatively easy world has now departed. A real challenge is before us, perhaps the final challenge to the way of life, the freedom that we have known as citizens of the United States.

Three poems

WILLIAM STAFFORD

YOU READING THIS PAGE

You reading this page, these trials—
shall we portion out the fault?
You call with your eyes for fodder,
demand bright frosting on your bread,
want the secret handclasp of jokes,
the nudges of innuendo.

And we both like ranting, swearing,
maybe calling of names:
can we meet this side of anger
somewhere in the band of mild sorrow?—
though many of our tastes have vanished,
and we depend on spice?

Not you, not I—but something—
pales out in this trying for too much
and has brought us, wrong, together.
It is long since we've been lonely
and my track looking for Crusoe
could make you look up, calling, "Friday!"

AT THE SALT MARSH

Those teal with traveling wings
have done nothing to us but they are meat
and we wait for them with killer guns
in the blind deceitful in the rain.

They fly so arrowy till when they fall
where the dead grass bends flat and wet
that I look for something after nightfall
to come tell me why it is all right.

I touch the soft head with eyes gone
and feel through the feathers all the dark
while we steam our socks by the fire
and stubborn flame licks the bark.

Still I wonder, out through the raw blow
out over the rain that levels the reeds,
how broken parts can be wrong but true.
I scatter my asking. I hold the duck head.

SMALL ITEM

A tumbleweed that was trying
all along through Texas, failed
and became a wraith one winter
in a fence beyond Las Vegas.

All you fortunate in this town
walking, turning, being so sure,
and catching yourselves before ruin,
graceful and intent on your own—

In the space between your triumphs,
the tumbleweed, missing and trying,
flickered out there, haphazard, with grace too,
flared beautifully wasted at random.

Mama

PATRICIA R. CARNEY

It was Tuesday. It was the day to go home. The visit was over for another year.

As Martha was waking up, these facts swept over her urgently as if some part of her that had not slept all night had finally succeeded in waking her to give her the news. It had been like that all during the visit with Mama: everything seemed big and important, whether it was or not, so that Martha couldn't judge anymore and instead woke up in the morning with a painful vague feeling that something important was happening or that she had said or done the wrong thing the day before. So she moved restlessly around in the bed trying to get rid of the haunting sort of hurt in her mind. She even tried to go back to sleep but she could not and so she finally thought, It's because I've grown old, and it seemed that the visit had lasted fifteen years instead of two weeks and that the hurt in her mind had made her grow old during that period.

Martha lay still for a while to make sure that her husband had not been waked and then she got slowly out of bed and stood barefooted by it on the cold wide-boarded floor and looked dully out the window. But the cold which was painful after the warm sleep soon forced her to move and she went to the window and closed it against the pale winter air. There was no green anywhere. There was only the grey from the close wooden houses and beige from the frozen ground. Martha stared at it all for a while not thinking and then she realized that her feet were very cold so she went back to the bed and with one foot pulled her slippers out from under it and put them on. She looked at her husband sleeping quietly there and as she looked she wondered why it was that he had been able to sleep later than she every morning. Oh she didn't seriously wonder. If she thought about such things during the visit she would soon be hopelessly confused or else would become resentful, even angry, and that was not Christian. So Martha began to won-

der about more important things such as whether Mama was up yet and what time it was and if she would go downstairs and find that Mama had already started breakfast, because with the long journey ahead of them today she had said they must get up even earlier than usual and this made everyone nervous because things that were different like this didn't usually happen.

Martha dressed quickly in the cold room. Then she sat down at the dressing table to brush her hair. She looked into the mirror because she had to and was not thinking of what she would see. But she looked quickly away then—out the window down at the floor up to the pink walls and then at some underwear her husband had thrown carelessly in a chair. She would have to tell him that Mama didn't like things to be thrown around like that but he already knew it and after all they were leaving today and she would spare him, though she didn't know why he should be spared. By this time she was looking at her hands which seemed dry and lifeless there in her lap and she knew they would appear dry and lifeless to her because she was more used to looking at her hands than at her face. And so then she was prepared and she looked back into the mirror thinking to defy the reflection. But of course one cannot defy. One can only look with sadness and self-pity at what once had been young. Oh no better time to see it than in the morning! To see a certain monotony in the eyes which prefaced what was behind them, an unresisting quality to the skin—a something, indefinable yet there, that spoke of a point being reached and passed. After a little while lost in staring at the mirror she thought quietly that it would have been better had she been warned, for this thing was very frightening to see on a grey morning in a pink-papered sleep-smelling room, frightening to see one's face becoming Mama's. She said some things quietly then, the Lord Have Mercy words that had come back to her easily during the visit, and did not think anymore—only those numbing half thoughts that don't really classify—about Mama needing help fixing breakfast, about how she must hurry and go downstairs or Mama would think she had overslept and Mama mustn't think Martha was lazy and let her own home run down because she slept all morning like Martha's lazy sister did who had left the church. But there! It always ends up in something you feel

guilty about somehow, and besides nobody ever talked about that and she supposed they never thought about it either—only prayed as one ought to, at night when the bed grew too warm.

Martha brought her hair into a bun at the back of her neck. She had to bend her head down to do that and as she looked up again at the mirror the light glanced off something that was white in her hair. She was sure of it. She looked closer then leaning right over the table and against the mirror to find this final proof but she couldn't find any hair that was white. Martha sighed and thought, That was a relief, and then she smiled a little into that mirror and went downstairs. But all the way down and into the kitchen she thought that it was a nice day.

"I'm so glad you decided to stay until today," Mama said. She was frying the bacon.

"So glad," said Mama.

"Yes," answered Martha trying not to remember that she had said they would leave Friday and that Grandmama and Mama and Aunt Mabel had said, You should stay until Tuesday, and Martha had said no and her husband had said no and then they had gone to bed. That next morning when she came downstairs in the white chenille housecoat which they had all said was impractical and would get dirty too soon (but her husband had bought it by himself for her one month out of his savings)—the first thing Mama had said was, "I'm so glad you decided to stay until Tuesday." Martha must have said it; she was sure she had said it. Sometime during the night she must have got up and said, Yes, we'll stay until Tuesday. But then, she reasoned, it really couldn't be so important. Mama and Grandmama and Aunt Mabel hadn't seemed to mind who really did say it. And besides it was more important now to get the napkins folded diagonally under the forks.

"You'd better go wake your husband," Mama said. It wasn't that Mama didn't know his name; it was just that she had to remind herself in this manner that he had a reason for being in the family. So Martha went back upstairs. She opened the door to the room and went in and stood beside her husband. She did not like him very much then because he looked no more than twenty-three sleeping so quietly like that and his hair had no grey in it

as hers would have soon. She put her hand on his bare shoulder then and pushed gently back and forth though she thought of doing it not so gently. He looked up at her and for a minute she thought he was going to smile. But then he turned over and said, as he had every morning during the visit, Go away, I don't need to get up yet.

It was hard enough to explain things to him lately and she always ended up on the defensive and it was even worse now when he first woke up. How could she say how it was with Mama? and Martha too mind you. About how one must get up and eat breakfast even on the visit and especially today when Mama was so nervous about the long drive. She wanted to talk loudly to him for a moment and tell him that even he had to obey some of the rules, that even he must accept.

She told him that breakfast was ready and would he please get up and come down right now instead of in half an hour and then she went out of the room thinking that the pink-papered room was offensive. And as she looked at the pale yellow hallpaper with the faint greenish leaves she felt that she was in a world of timid pastels with not even a splash of red or bright blue but only the dark floors to comfort her.

During breakfast Mama told Martha where all her and her husband's things were and in which closets and cabinets to look to make sure that nothing was left behind. Not that she wouldn't send them right along of course. She didn't mind that, you know, and was more than happy to pack up a coat or pair of shorts that had escaped them in the excitement of the last minute search. Like after last year's visit, hadn't she sent that blouse right along?

Martha thought of the bun basket while she was looking in all the places that Mama had told her to. She had looked into the top shelves in the closet and seen it there and put it out on the stripped bed to be packed and then had gone on to the bathroom where her husband was shaving and had looked in the linen closet. She didn't know why she thought of Aunt Victorine then. Maybe it was because no one thought of Aunt Victorine and Martha was always thinking of the wrong things. But at any rate Martha thought of her and how old she was getting and how her face looked so grey now and how no one spoke to her except to ask her

to do dishes or sit with one of the babies but just left her there alone in her room drinking her beer and sitting in the overstuffed chair that used to be the one her Alvin sat in in the front room.

Martha felt very good then. She stopped looking in the linen closet and went into the bedroom. She took up the bun basket which she had bought on sale the other day because she liked woven things like that and then she went to the wrapping-gifts drawer which was very neat and had ribbons and stickers and tissue paper stacked carefully one on top the other and how Mama ever kept everything so perfect nobody knew. Martha took a piece of paper and placed the basket in the middle of the paper very carefully and as carefully tucked the corners of the paper into the basket. Her husband came in then and asked what this was all about and Martha raised her head and looked at him. "I think I'll give this to Aunt Victorine," she said, automatically trying to sound unconcerned because if one appeared excited about something it meant immediately that one could not do it. Then he smiled his disturbing smile that said so many things she half remembered but things that no longer influenced her, and then he patted her on the shoulder. She wanted to become angry at that because she had not asked for his approval since it meant not one thing to her or for that matter to Mama or Grandmama or Aunt Mabel. But she said nothing.

Instead she picked up her gift carefully and bore it before her downstairs to Mama. Mama was very kind. She didn't laugh at Martha. She simply looked up and heard her through and then looked down again. "Don't be silly," she said kindly. "If you give something to Aunt Victorine you must also give something to Cousin Mary and Cousin Bob because they keep her in their house and have been good to you and even gave you a wedding present, whereas Aunt Victorine has never given you and your husband anything."

"And besides," Mama said, "what does Aunt Victorine want with a bun basket?"

There was a speck of lint there on the floor and Martha looked at it and it looked clean and white against the dark wideboarded floor. And then Martha remembered that it should not be there and she stooped over slowly and picked it up and placed it with

distaste in the wastebasket. "Of course," she said. "You are right."

Mama smiled then because her daughter was so simple and did not realize the complications and hardships of living.

Martha and her husband packed everything neatly in suitcases and boxes as Mama had directed and were sitting in the living room in their heavy winter coats at 8:30 when she had said Martha's father would be there with the car. Martha and her husband said nothing while Mama gave directions about writing letters and things they should not forget to do and then her father drove up in front. Mama started hurrying around then and telling Martha's husband which boxes to carry out first. Martha let her father and her husband carry things out and did not help because she felt too tired. Mama approved of that and thought it was a sensible way to act because she said boxes and such things are too heavy for a young girl to carry. It struck Martha as funny to be called a young girl.

She got in the back seat finally with her husband, and her father started the car and they drove off. Three blocks down they passed Aunt Victorine's—that is, they passed Cousin Mary and Bob's where Aunt Victorine stayed. Well really, the house had been hers once but it wasn't anymore. She had managed things very badly after Alvin died. And after all, what would Aunt Victorine want with a bun basket?

After the first ten miles Martha's stomach began to feel mixed up and her throat closed off so that she had to keep swallowing hard to breath. She knew that she was going to be carsick so she looked out the windows to keep from thinking about it and saw the flat fields and square farmhouses and straight grey sky and thought about the sickness all the more. She wondered what she was going to do for the other eighty miles. So she shut her eyes and sat on the edge of the seat and rocked back and forth a little and Mama said, I'm so sorry to see you two going back to school and all that studying, and then waited for Martha to say, I hate to go back; it's been so nice. And Martha thought after that, It's so little she asks in return. Just, Thank you, that's all she wants. Mothers do so much; they give so much and all they want in return is thank you. But she looked out the window then and there was so much difference between that outside, open place and the

place inside with Mama that she knew what she had thought just then wasn't true. And as they drove on and on she thought about this not being true, hesitating at first for she hadn't allowed such things in her mind for what seemed a long time.

And her thoughts were of many kinds, some which had to do with outside places where one is young and has much to look forward to, such as schools where things are learned that make all the old things new. But mostly her thoughts had to do with Mamas who make you stay inside in pastel rooms as a favor to you and who for reward give you a certain unresisting manner to carry around so long as you are with them and who ask only your life in return when you are away.

And as they drove on and on anger grew up from within her from some place that had always held it and it grew so strong that it put away the sickness and loosened her throat and she sat back against the seat and touched her husband's hand. She was going to say something to him about her anger but when he looked at her she could say nothing and she turned away and looked out the window again. But the anger did not go away until Mama turned her head to one side and said, "I put a cake your Aunt Mabel baked for me in your box of food so that you and your husband can have dessert tonight with the pork chops." And then Martha turned away from the window and stared helplessly at Mama's grey hair and thought, "Mama thou art and to Mama thou shalt return."

Martha opened the window finally, just a little so that Mama could not tell. Her husband put his head on her shoulder then and started humming. It was not a tune; it was the chant that a little boy sings himself to sleep by when he has become used to his square bed and is in some twisted comfortable position and knows that Mama is close by, though not in the same room, and that she will come back and smile at him when he wakes up. It was all right for a while and she relaxed there against the back of the seat. And as her body relaxed she let herself slip into that inside lonely place in the mind that is the stopping off place between two things. That soft badly-lighted region that we retire to when we cannot face either of two strong things and instead of going swiftly and surely to either we disappear into this place and rest awhile.

And as she caught at the peaceful loneliness she did not mind that she was weak in this because it was a weakness of her own choosing.

But her husband's head grew heavier on her shoulder and presently it slipped down upon her chest. She righted him then very gently in order not to wake him and wondered why he had slept so much during the visit, and then she thought how everybody reacted in his own way.

She was feeling a great deal refreshed now so she looked out the window again and then she noticed that the land had changed and that there were trees now and she could not see very far because of the hills—that is, unless they drove onto the top of one and then it was breathtaking to see the smaller hills and irregularly shaped fields go running and rolling off all around her. And as she watched she felt a small sort of yearning, for these sights were landmarks and she knew they were coming very close to home now. But as she felt this good feeling about being home soon she thought of Mama and how she would never go home for she lived half in one world and half in another as most people do and therefore was never at home in either and Martha was really fortunate that it had only been for two weeks. So she spoke to her kindly about recipes and budgets and lied about how she hated to leave her Mama so that she would feel good about all the food and things she had given her and her husband. And then she woke her husband and whispered into his ear, "We're almost home." He sat up and rubbed his eyes and looked around and then he smiled at her and touched her hand because she was young and he loved her very much.

The car drove up finally in front of the building where Martha and her husband lived together, where there were gay handblown wine bottles strung up in the kitchen door, where it was cool and a little messy and there were no pale colors. And with the thought of this place Martha felt a happy anxiety that is the prelude to anything which is difficult but worth while.

But Mama was giving instructions now about boxes and which things to get out first and then there was a flurry and hustle so that Mama could get everything inside and unpacked and it spoiled the idea Martha had of their rooms with Mama in them. And the gay bottles strung in the doorway looked out of place and Mama

said, "You would do better to put up a crucifix there." And the way she said it made Martha feel she had done something terribly ungrateful.

Mama wouldn't stay because she didn't want to drive in the dark going back, she said, so she must hurry and start back right away. She was in the kitchen at that time alone with Martha. As she stood there Martha could see that she was going to allow herself emotion, a thing which she never did except on occasions of departure, and Martha steeled herself for it. And then she put her long thin arms around Martha and bent down slightly and kissed her on the cheek and said in a soft voice that did not sound at all like Mama, "Don't ever grow away from me."

And Martha said nothing so that Mama added, "You know what I mean, don't you?"

And still Martha said nothing and then she said, "Of course I do," and kissed Mama quickly and said, "I shall never be any different than I am now." And all the while pity and shame went through her and brought tears into her eyes and Mama thought she was crying because she hated to leave her Mama after such a nice long visit.

Finally Mama left. Fred put his hands on Martha's shoulders then and led her to the sofa. She cried hard in his arms, her hands clenched into fists and her head hidden against his chest. She cried for many reasons but mainly because she never wanted to see Mama again.

Lee Casey: a memoir with quotes

ROBERT L. PERKIN

I knew Lee Casey. The statement explains my presence in these pages and is offered as much in boast as in explanation. I feel fortunate in sharing this decently proud gratitude for a rewarding human association with a number of statesmen and at least one bootblack, with bankers and educators and bartenders, with a lot of newspapermen, with men of the cloth and of the bar and with men humble and exalted. It was shared by Robert L. Stearns, then president of the University of Colorado, in these words:

Once in a great while someone comes into our lives whom because of his greatness of soul we admire, because of his learning we respect, because of his warm personal qualities and in spite of his faults we love. Such a person is our friend. Such a person was Lee Casey.

I knew him first across the lunch table at the Cactus Club. His conversation was alive and penetrating. His demeanor quiet, his presence friendly. I knew him through his writings. They were searching, critical but never mean. They exhibited historical perspective—something too often lacking today. Sometimes his criticisms were not well founded—at which times he was ready to receive comments and corrections and to retract or modify his former position.

I knew him as a man with a great spirit struggling against the limitations of a frail body. I knew him as a person of warm friendships and deep and lasting human attachments.

I knew him through the medium of the Antithesis Club when discussions on religion, philosophy, law, the social sciences and what not showed the sweep and breadth of his intellectual horizon. I knew him as a man with deep religious sensitivities, more concerned with the inward and spiritual grace than with its more outward and visible forms.

I am but one of countless others who are saying today, I'm glad I knew Lee Casey.

President Stearns pronounced his eulogy in the sanctuary of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral in Denver on February 1, 1951, three days after a heart attack stayed the pen of the great *Rocky Mountain News* columnist and editor. The pen was stopped in mid-

flight, poised, appropriately, between Chapter VIII (The Peloponnesian War) and Chapter IX of "Uncle Lee's History of the World." The final labor was proper to a lover of history, characteristic of a philosophy in which doubt and hope mingled and, as always, pertinent. The Peloponnesian War, Casey wrote, might better be called the Irreconcilable Conflict.

For, after close to 24 centuries, the supreme issue has not been settled. Yet it may be settled during our lifetimes. Technically, the war was between Athens and Sparta. Actually, it was a war between two ways of life—just as the war in which Americans are dying today. There are no exact parallels in history. But there are some similarities. And the similarity of this war in the Fifth Century B.C. and the war in Korea is quite close. . . .

The Attica of that day, including Athens, had rather less than Denver's present population; Sparta, with its subject towns and villages, perhaps slightly more. Yet there could be no actual compromise. For the Athenians . . . believed that the state should be the servant of the people. The Spartans believed, with equal intensity, that the people should be the slaves of the state. There was no middle ground. There is no middle ground today. That was the ageless contest between the free spirit and the closed mind. . . .

As we know, the Athenians lost the war. Probably they deserved to lose it. For they forsook their own principles. Freedom of speech and freedom of thought were preserved for Athenians, slaves excepted, but for Athenians alone. . . .

The selection does not represent Casey at his best. The parallel, of course, is over-shallow. Yet it contains the perspective of which President Stearns spoke, and it could have been written by no one but Lee Casey. His mind commuted freely between Denver and Athens, or, more especially, between Denver and Rome, and he demanded that life yield up two kernels: reason and principle. Had he been more a moralist and less a sophist, he might have equated the two and become a bore. Casey was not a bore, and he loved to quote from *Ecclesiastes*: "Be not righteous overmuch."

It was my privilege to work with Casey at the *News* for the better part of fifteen years. "It was my privilege . . ." The phrase does not come easily nor lightly, and it is no formality. "I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." I borrow the words through Casey himself. They are the words of Ben Jonson in tribute to Shakespeare. Casey quoted them

many times, always attributing them to Kipling. A tense literary accuracy was not one of his strong points.

How about his points that were strong ones? How, today, less than three years after his death, evaluate the contribution of this kind rebel, this gentle evangelist of discontent? I am sure he was great, great in service and selflessness. I am even more sure that he was, for his time and place, wise, and, for all his faults, a good man and a noble one. No Colorado newspaperman short of the venerable founder of the *News*, William N. Byers, has been so broadly the people's champion and advocate, none so widely known, none in death so well remembered or in life so well respected.

Lee Taylor Casey was born August 20, 1889, in Goshen, New York. He was, along with Vincent Astor and Ogden Nash but for different reasons, an ornament on the alumni rolls of St. George's School in Newport, Rhode Island. He entered the University of the South at fifteen, and Sewanee gave him the background in Latin, Greek, theology, history and philosophy which was to mark him henceforth in print, in conversation, or in friendly disputation. Somewhere along the way, Lee learned pinochle and the art of melding scholasticism with life in a winning play. (Lee once conceded that he was letter perfect at pinochle, enjoyed poker except Kansas City Liz, but favored bridge because it was better mannered.)

In 1908, at the age of nineteen, he left Sewanee without taking a degree to fill his first newspaper job on the *Kansas City Star*. His health broke in 1911, however, and he was felled in a bout with tuberculosis which permanently withered his left arm. He was brought to Denver and nursed back to frail health. Casey never was a large or robust man. His slight, erect figure could not have exceeded five feet seven inches in height nor 125 pounds in weight.

He became a reporter for the *Denver Times* in 1913 and then for the *Rocky Mountain News*. Except for two one-year intervals, he continued on the *News* staff for the rest of his life. In 1915, he joined the staff of the *Chicago Examiner*, but his health forced a return to Denver. For the academic year 1919-1920 he served as a University of Colorado instructor in journalism, a word he de-

tested. ("A journalist is simply a broken-down newspaperman.") For the balance of his years, Casey remained at his typewriter in the old *News* office on Welton street, pecking out news of politics, civic happenings, editorials and the column, originally entitled "By Way of Observation," which was to distinguish him.

The Casey column was born in 1927 and, except for brief interruptions, continued daily to the morning of January 29, 1951. The *News* presses were pounding out his last comments on the Peloponnesian War at the minute—12:25 a.m.—when death took their author in a rapid pair of heart attacks. Had he his choice, Casey would have elected, I think, to die thus with his boots on and the presses clattering even though he had come to squirm under the demands of a daily deadline. His columns had begun to show the world-weariness he felt during the last five years of his life, and the chore of filling his daily allotted space had become increasingly a burden. To Casey, the mechanical task of writing, the transference of his ideas to paper, was a distasteful one. Toward the end, it became one to be dodged at all costs for as long as possible. He took to disappearing from the office for extended periods which were not spent, it was obvious on his return, in research. Only the inexorable imminence of the deadline would draw him back to the duty an honest craftsmanship would not let him discharge shoddily. The Casey column showed up regularly in the composing room, but usually at so late an hour as to give the more conscientious of the waiting makeup men a daily accretion of greyed hair.

Through these latter years, as he had through those that went before, Casey remained uniformly kind, gentle and softspoken. I cannot recall ever hearing him raise his voice, although he could be strident in print when occasion demanded. I know he was patient with callowness, helpful, encouraging and never too busy or too tired to brighten visibly to an effervescent idea. When Casey was among his friends he would rather talk than eat, and in conversation he was a citizen of the world, although he lived much of his life in a quadrangle bounded by the Denver Press Club, the Albany Hotel, Wade's Keg Buffet and the *News* office. His inability to handle his personal finances was legendary. At one point he turned over his entire cash assets to his friend and legal advisor,

Dave Rosner, with explicit and well-meaning instructions for careful husbanding and for a Spartan attitude toward operating expenses. There followed promptly, of course, a marathon tug-of-war.

Lee was not a happy man, not even a well-adjusted one. Yet like other similarly troubled men of genius or great talent, he found in his own lonely wilderness the strength, humility and compassion to serve the common good well and faithfully.

In making the following selections from a quarter-century of Lee's columns, it is my hope only to capture and convey a suggestion of the Casey flavor, rather than to present Casey the Crusader, Casey the Historian, Casey the Underdog's Champion.¹ Well-documented papers could be prepared on these and many other phases of Lee's public personality, and each would be a distortion by selection. If many of Colorado's prison reforms in recent years had their origins in Casey's warm heart, he also could dally with such immediate crises as pregnant burros, the art of strip tease and dandelions (for which he claimed an affection). If he could sometimes thunder, he more often chided. In the role of crusader, he was never self-righteous; in the role of reporter, seldom superficial. He was, most of all, the kindly observer, interjecting a gentle, philosophic doubt in a to-be-continued pleading for tolerance and good will among men.

Casey hated sham and pretense and was impatient with conformity. Here he is on Huck Finn:

Huck is the eternal American boy—more, he is the American spirit. Huck is—somehow I can't use the past tense about him, because Huck lives on today and will continue to live many tomorrows—rebellious and, on occasion, impudent.

When wealth gave him a veneer of respectability, as wealth often does, he tried to scrape it off. Tom Sawyer, although only under duress, yielded to the conventions. Huck never did.

Instead of allowing himself to be washed and brushed and combed by the Widow Douglas and Miss Watson, instead of attending the backwoods school that taught little worth knowing, he took off on a raft with his Negro friend Jim for one of the most memorable voyages in all literature.

Jason, another famous voyager, found monsters and other prodigies.

Huck found people, and it was his gift to be able to learn from people rather than from books. . . .

Huck is dear to America because males of all ages see in him what they would like to be, if not what they fully are.

Huck was not and never could be regimented. He had a clear sight, a keen mind and a warm heart. He sees through the pretentiousness that sometimes accompanies rank and position and can readily distinguish between shine and substance.

Huck refuses to conform to a pattern--the pattern our parents, our teachers, often our religious instructors, usually insist upon. . . .

When, in one of a series of cleanups of gambling, Denver police banned poker and temporarily shut down the forty-year-old game at the Denver Press Club, Casey reported "my withers are unwrung" although his sense of distinctions was confused:

I can get along without it (the Press Club game). Indeed, for a year or so, I have been barred from taking part in it, by my own order as one of several vice presidents of the organization. . . .

Yet . . . I cannot see how dollar-limit poker can be held illegal and cent-a-point bridge, a much faster game, legal.

There are differences, to be sure. My grandfather, when he thought I had reached an age when I needed and might possibly take sound advice, told me there were two rules only: Never ante 'till you have to--and always cut the cards. . . .

Poker is a game of deception, bridge a game of information. There is no code of behavior for poker, whereas a bridge table is one of the few remaining examples of good manners. . . .

U. S. Senator Ed C. Johnson, outraged by the public behavior of Ingrid Bergman, had proposed the licensing of movie actors only if they could pass a morals test. He and Lee clashed, and one of the rebuttal columns gives a suggestion of the Casey Moral Code:

A few wicked men have preached in pulpits, a few wicked men have prayed at altars, a few wicked men have taught the young, a few wicked men have held forth in the U. S. Senate. Yet that does not mean that federal morals licenses for any of these professions or trades are either desirable or tolerable. . . .

Senator Johnson is too narrow in his concept of morality. He seems to think morality is solely concerned with sex. It isn't.

Sexual purity is not the whole, or even the main part, of morality.

Justice, honor, kindness, truthfulness, generosity, temperance are also essential to any true moral code. Senator Johnson could be better employed by impressing that fact on his fellow senators instead of appearing as a public prude. . . .

Casey concerned himself often with education. His attitude toward it reflected in part his own rigorously classical schooling and in another part a rational utilitarianism:

Dr. Emanuel Friedman, CU's clinical professor of pediatrics, believes school youngsters should not be subjected to periodic examinations. . . .

Such tests, he said, are anachronistic and barbarous.

Well, professor, life is usually barbarous and often anachronistic. And if schools, including primary schools, are to serve as introductions to life as it is, periodic examinations should not be excluded.

On the contrary, they should be insisted upon.

Each one of us, when we are compelled to face the realities of existence—and education should be a preliminary to equip us for that necessity—faces not merely periodic but daily and almost hourly examinations. . . .

In the better world which unfortunately is by no means in sight, competition may be eliminated. When we know each other better and trust each other more, we may indeed follow the admonition, to each according to need, from each according to ability.

Meanwhile, we know that life itself is competition, often a cruel sort of competition. . . .

Periodic tests may indeed hurt those who fail to meet them. But the knowledge that such tests are an inevitable part of life will help soften the blows that surely come as a part of human existence.

Casey blamed society rather than the individual, however, when the daily tests could not be met and passed. Slums always excited his wrath, and here his withers were easily wrung:

Because young people continue to err, as young—and old—people have, there is a growing tendency to abandon the gains that have been made in the treatment of juveniles and to return to the harsh, stern and brutal ways of the 18th century. . . .

Abraham Lincoln was born into an environment of dire poverty, ignorance, filth and disease. Now, to be sure, he belongs to the ages. But does that mean that dire poverty, ignorance, filth and disease are tolerable?

Of course it doesn't. We might fight against them, as we might fight against slums. Slums are not to be endured simply because one pro-

duced Al Smith. Too many slums produced too many Al Capones and Gyp the Bloods. We got Al Smith despite the slums, not because of them.

So long as we permit slums, we may get an occasional Al Smith, but we'll also get an over-supply of hoodlums. So long as we permit poverty, ignorance, filth and disease, we may get another Abraham Lincoln every 10 or 12 centuries, but meanwhile we'll get litters of social misfits every few days. . . .

That goes contrary to what readily may be the one great discovery of the present century, which is that the state should seek to care for, rather than to punish, its erring children.

Actually, although Ben B. Lindsey justly became world-famous for putting the theory to practice in Denver's Juvenile Court, that was a rediscovery.

Almost 2500 years ago, Plato wrote: "For no man is voluntarily bad; but the bad become bad by reason of ill disposition of the body and bad education, things which are hateful to every man and happen to him against his will."

Slum life may prove a tonic to one child in many millions. It is a lifelong curse to most of his comrades and a handicap to all. Let's try to catch up, if not yet with Ben Lindsey, at least with Plato.

"Old Father Antic the Law" frequently was a target for Casey barbs. Casey preferred pulpit to bar and library to both. A pungent column on lawyers was inspired by use of the word "steatopygia." The bookishness in Casey seized upon it as a fulcrum:

The president of the Colorado Bar Assn. is sufficiently concerned about legal steatopygia to tell his worries to the Denver bar.

In true legalistic fashion, he quibbles over his term. According to the dictionary, *steatopygia* is a combination of the Greek words *steat* and *puge*, and signifies an abnormal accumulation of fat on the buttocks. The epithet naturally reminds students of the Callipygian Venus, who was distinguished by a remarkably shapely behind.

President Groves of Grand Junction, however, prefers this definition: "The suspected condition among lawyers of leaden fundamentals."

Have it your own way, Mr. Groves. Yet I suspect yours is a plea of confession and avoidance. To put the matter in another way, you, in behalf of your profession, admit a minor accusation and thereby deflect the jury's attention from some graver charges.

It's an old, familiar trick, Mr. Groves. But it just won't work with me. . . .

My criticism of the bar is not that it has a desire to do nothing, but that it is extremely active in trying to do the wrong things. . . . When

a reform is suggested, that is when steatopygia sets in.

Colorado has had no parole system for more than a generation. But the bar has done nothing to bring a parole system into being. . . .

When lawyers get together in convention assembled, they are more concerned with trying to place the bench under control of the bar than they are with legal reforms. . . .

When, in 1946, George Sessions Perry in the *Saturday Evening Post* reported that Denver was "comfortable, handsome and civilized," he got a rise out of Casey:

Well, to my way of thinking, that's what is the matter with it. Denver is altogether too comfortable—complacent, even. Denver takes too many things for granted, takes itself too much for granted. Denver doesn't raise enough hell.

To some observers . . . a quiet community is ideal. Quiet citizens are not eager to raise wages and thereby lift living standards, accept pretty much what public utility rates are imposed upon them, endure the stupidities and exactions of those on the public payrolls without vigorous protest. . . .

We haven't had an indignation meeting for years. We have had plenty of matters to get indignant about, but our capacity for resentment seems to have petered out.

What's the cause of this lethargy? The answer is quite simple. We, the people, still retain our ability to feel righteous wrath but there simply isn't a public figure who has the gumption to stir us into expressing it. . . .

From time to time, however, Casey found various public figures raising hell to his liking. One of them was James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union:

In James G. Patton . . . Colorado has at least one public man who dares to speak plain and blunt truth—and that's a big asset for any commonwealth. . . .

He isn't a man to be frightened or misled by catch-phrases, such as that of "state Socialism". . . . Instead, he says concisely and clearly:

"Every advance in the use of governmental power for the people has been greeted with the same phrase. Democracy does not mean impotence or lethargy. To me, it means the right of the people to use their government to their own ends."

There you have it—the expression of the theory upon which all hope of democracy rests.

Too often the emphasis is placed upon the duty of a citizen to the

government, too seldom on the obligation of the government to the citizen.

Because of the notion that it is necessary to inculcate in children the virtue of obedience, too many grow up with a wholly unwarranted respect for anybody who has happened to be able to attach himself to a public job. To my way of thinking, it would be well for the schools to try to develop some rebels as an offset to those whose thinking slides right along the accepted groove. . . .

Two of Casey's favorite quotations—and he was addicted to quotations—give a further slant on his beliefs about what a democratic government should and shouldn't do. He trotted out Virgil, sometimes in the Latin, as often as possible to define the duty of government: "to succor the lowly and restrain the proud." His other favorite was the anonymous verse Cheyney quotes in his introduction to *Social and Industrial History of England*:

The law locks up both man and woman
Who steals the goose from off the common,
But turns the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

Convenient to my purpose here, Casey once spent a column cataloging his likes and dislikes. When such lists are prepared for public consumption, they are likely to be either romantic, as in Milton and Rupert Brooke, or facetious. Lee inclines toward the latter, but there's more than a smattering of truth in it. He had been taken to task by a number of readers for proposing that the World Series be abolished as "a fake and a nuisance." The proposal, of course, was serio-comic, and this may have been one of the instances when Lee deliberately wrote, as he sometimes did, to provoke indignant letters to the editor complaining about him. The reaction in this case was quick in coming, and several readers demanded to know "just what the heck is that guy for?" if he was "against" the World Series. The same week, Gerald L. K. Smith had replied to Casey criticism by name-calling: "Old Vinegar Puss." So Lee probably felt the time was proper to insist he could be "for" things:

I like people. . . . I like the gracious and kindly attendants at Clarke's

lee casey

soda fountain. I like books—almost all books. At least once a year I try to read "Huckleberry Finn," hunks of Gibbon and Mommsen, Bulfinch's "Mythology," parts of "David Copperfield," W. W. Jacobs' "Salt-haven" and "At Sunwich Port" and all his short stories, both "Jungle Books," St. Simon's "Memoirs," "Salamambo," the first part of "Penguin Island," "The Memoirs of U. S. Grant," some of Suetonius and some of Tacitus but, alas, not in the original, selections from "Michelet," some volume about Lincoln, Lardner's "Golden Honeymoon," "Women" and "Haircut," the collected verses of Austin Dobson.

I don't care about clothes—buying a suit is to me strictly a chore—and I confess eating is mainly another and more frequent chore. But I like drink, preferably in the form of bourbon and soda. . . .

I like to talk, and invariably talk too much and not well. I like to write, but not as much as I like to talk. I like politics but strictly as a spectator. I like to watch a football game say about once every three years. I like all Strauss waltzes, all Chopin's waltzes and etudes and most of his nocturnes, everything Vincent Youmans and Jerome Kern ever wrote and most of George Gershwin, Beethoven's fifth and ninth symphonies.

I like children, at least I like most of the few I happen to know, and I like all animals of every kind and description.

I rather like to live, although I am not over-enthusiastic about it.

Lee drank, as I have hinted and as he himself at no time sought to conceal. Sometimes Lee drank too long and too much, and he paid penalties for his intemperance. I don't want to make too much of his drinking. But it cannot be left out. His drinking was a part of him. To some persons who knew him only slightly it was, unfortunately, a major part of him. Like many timid people, and Lee's pronounced courtliness was a refuge for a painful shyness, he found in alcohol a social lubricant he needed. He did not delude himself about it. He knew he relied upon it and misused it. Lee suffered from liquor; he would have suffered more grievously without it. Knowing his own problem, he was drawn to others who shared it. Now and then, although he had a profound distaste for "leg work" outside the office, he would cover a Monday morning session in Denver's police court, where three to four hundred habitual drinkers appear each year on an average of a half-dozen times apiece. At one such session, Lee witnessed the wretchedness of a soft-spoken prisoner who had "sold his shoes to buy the wine that bereft him of his senses." "Shoeless he was

sentenced," Lee reported, "shoeless he went to jail." Lee pleaded urgently over many years that habitual drinking be regarded as an illness rather than a crime and that state hospitals for alcoholics be provided. Lee found nothing funny in a cartoon book about the hangover which came to his desk in his capacity as book editor for the *News*. The hangover, he wrote, "fortunately is not a general menace because it is an occupational ailment of those who waste their lives." He then concluded his column thus:

Over-indulgence is evidence of bad judgment and bad manners. The way to cure a hangover—and the only way—is to use decency, moderation and restraint. I wish I could laugh at a hangover. But I feel more like weeping.

Lee's judgments on himself were as merciless as those on others were likely to be kindly.

About five years before his death, Casey began "shopping around" for his funeral and reported his findings in his column. He wanted, he said, something "neat but not gaudy. . . ."

What I'm trying to arrange is a nice, pleasant, rather quiet sort of affair, without jukeboxes or quartets—you know, as modest and dignified and enjoyable as the situation might warrant. . . .

Being a thoughtful sort, I got the idea it would be nice for the folks if I got my funeral arrangements out of the way and especially if I got them paid for in advance. Having lived on credit all my life, I imagined it would be pleasant to die with a receipted bill all ready for the mourners, if any. That would make the parting less of a sweet sorrow, if you know what I mean. . . .

I wished no more than the low limit as to hacks, especially in view of the fact that I did not expect a large turnout—no civic celebration, in other words—and there was no need for him (the undertaker) to prepare a large bouquet carrying the message "From Al"—or "From Charley," for that matter. Although I would not haggle about the matter, I thought cremation preferable. Actually, I thought I was being very nice about the whole deal, making it as cheap as possible for myself and as easy as possible for the spectators to endure. . . .

The results of his shopping, Lee informed his readers, were a rock bottom price of \$127.50, although he would be, he said, "in a very receptive mood for better bids." The price tags on funerals were too high. "So, although I feel the smack of age in me, some

relish of the saltiness of time, I think I'll keep right on living for a while."

But age and ill health became, in the latter years, subjects of frequent comment in the Casey column. An oldtime colleague on the *Kansas City Star* referred to Lee as "the aging Casey." Lee replied:

I object strongly to that remark, mainly because it is true.

Truth, although it has been widely acclaimed, is not an unmixed virtue. It can be, and often is, decidedly unpleasant. . . .

My amateur medical advisers tell me that I should try to be contented, should be complacent—in the familiar phrase, should grow old gracefully. . . .

My generation has found killing the only answer to the world's problems. That means we have failed. Such knowledge does not add comfort to age.

On the personal side, which is relatively insignificant, I find that getting old is not a blessing but a curse.

You—I'll switch pronouns, if you please—find that when you're 60ish you read very little aside from the newspapers, but mainly re-read. . . .

Most of those you knew and loved have gone. Those who remain find you a bore. They have heard all your favorite anecdotes not once but many times. They are tired of your moods.

Yet you don't care to seek new friends. You have seen too many sunsets to admire another one. So you just sit and wait. . . .

As for me, I think that age has been vastly overrated.

Last September Casey's ashes were placed within the brick wall of the lobby of the new *Rocky Mountain News* plant, which he had seen a-building but in which he had never worked. A neat bronze plaque seals the opening: "Here Rest the Ashes of Lee Taylor Casey Beloved by His Fellow Workers and the Readers of the Rocky Mountain News for Forty Years. 1889-1951." The entombment was accomplished with a minimum of ceremony and no public notice, but some of his friends disapproved. Words in bronze were not in character, they felt, for the man who had wanted a minimal funeral and who frequently had voiced his distaste for "vanity that extends beyond death." Lee had written, they remembered, these words: "Death should be respected and not tampered with. Let us fade as a leaf, and return to the awaiting earth. . . . I desire most earnestly to be left in peace."

Lee's modesty was genuine. For some time following the death of his first wife and before he re-married, Lee and his seal-colored dachshund, Linda, lived alone in a room at the Albany Hotel. Sometimes, when the nights were lonely, Lee would summon a bellhop merely to sit and talk and drink with him. He came in this fashion to share a friendship with one of the bellmen. This man, one day on Seventeenth Street, saw Lee approaching, a lady on his arm. Thinking Lee would not wish to mix a backstairs acquaintanceship with social pleasures, the bellhop assumed his professional anonymity, looked straight ahead and passed without speaking. He did not know Lee very well. Next time they met, Lee was icy and distant. The puzzled bellhop sought an explanation.

"Why, you son of a bitch!" Lee berated him. "You will talk with me in private. You come to my room and drink my whisky. But you're too damn proud to speak to me in public!"

FOOTNOTE

¹I am grateful for having had the opportunity to consult two useful studies of Casey prepared as undergraduate papers by students of the University of Colorado's College of Journalism. Mercer Cross in *Lee Casey, Sage of the News* (1952) analyzes Casey's work between 1941 and 1945. Ken Olson in *Lee Casey: Artist of Retrospection* (1953) carries the analysis forward to 1951.

Two poems

STUART CUTHBERTSON

DAY IN OLD PROVENCE

By GUIRAUT RIQUIER

(Translated by STUART CUTHBERTSON)

I know that I should sing no more,
For song is but the heart's "Be gay";
And my bruised senses are the prey
Of fears which gnaw my being's core.
When I survey my past's poor fare
And, seeing chilling present, stare
To find the morrow's bluer sky,
The sun is dimmed by misting eye.

What charm on my song's wings can fly
If song must happiness forswear?
But can I else? As God did pair
My soul with song, I must comply.
Though sadness, joy, whatever lore
Is mine, gain, loss, my life's full store
Are now a minstrel's empty lay . . .
Though late, I'll sing a better day.

Is there, alas, no lesser clay
Than vision's voice, than notes that soar
Above the sham and muddled roar
Which hold the world in vulgar sway?
Is glory gone, deep truth's ally,
Which men once strove to magnify?
O Honor, what foul death waits there
Where greed befouls the very air?

When lies and half-lies soil the fair,
Bright truth, what light is there, or way.
Or life? Men do but go astray
On desert seas we used to dare
With Him as helmsman who would ply
Us home. He ever heard our cry
Till pride, self-will, corruption tore
Us from the beacon of His shore.

Two hov'ring perils hold us sore
Beset; for us two deaths now vie:
An outraged God may us deny;
The Saracen may breach our door.
The savage hate, the spite we bear
Can brother from his brother tear,
Can duty's distant reach betray,
And bring the genocidal fray.

O Christ, whose sign we Christians wear.
So let it shine that we may share
The power of Thy wisdom's ray,
Thy unifying good. Essay
Our strayed humanity to spare!
O Mary, ask Him to forbear;
Call down on us His grace today,
While we for love and pardon pray!

EVENING IN OLD PROVENCE

"O Nightingale, with wings upswinging,
Bear my message to her dwelling,
Sing the song my need is singing,
Fill the night with my heart's swelling.

"Ask her how her joy is faring,
On what food her love is feeding:
Temper homage, though, with daring—
Valor may win more than pleading.

"If she's not unkind, unheeding
All the hope that's in me springing,

Let her not restrain your speeding
Home to me, springtidings bringing."

* * * *

The herald-songster, debonair,
Immaculately preened, departs,
Quickly seeks her bowered repair,
Unsheathes his grace notes' feathered darts.

But hush; his tremolo is stilled—
One beauty to another yields—
His little minstrel's heart is filled
With panic at the power she wields.

*Such beauty, like the nooning sun,
Shields off the suitor while it grants
Him sight; the dazzling sun's not won
By roundcleers in furtive dance.*

My troubadour's thus reasoned will
Sustains his tone: "Your patient friend
Commissioned me, with all my skill
To chant a song of longing's end.

"My master had his hope of love
In you; but others charm, I know;
He bade me hover here above
Until some sign you might bestow?"

* * * *

"Fly to him and speed the telling
That you found me his wish sharing,
That your song found my heart welling
With the echo of his caring.

"Rossinhol, go arrow-winging,
Bear this silken cord for leading
Love to love, each loved one clinging
To the thread that chains by ceding."

Our Nightingale, his wings upflinging,
Swiftly, gaily—pride impelling—
Homeward comes, full-throated, ringing
Songs of love, all song excelling.

Opera by ear

PAUL V. THOMPSON

Fifty years ago the opera lover had only two ways of satisfying his interest in opera. If he lived in or near New York or any of the cities visited by the Metropolitan Opera Company on its annual tour, he could be present at an actual performance. It is an easy corollary that most of the American people were thus simply unable to see an opera, no matter how devoted they might be to the form. The other method of satisfying an interest in opera was to study the scores. But the reading of scores, enjoyable as the practice is, has several disadvantages, the most serious of which is that it can be used only by those with some musical training. An adequate performer on the piano can get a hazy idea of an opera from the vocal score; it takes a person of more than ordinary training or natural ability to read an orchestral score and hear in his mind the distinctive qualities of the several instruments or the blending, in concerted numbers, of the various registers and timbres of the human voice. Thus, because of the disabling restrictions inherent in both these methods, interest in opera was not widespread. Under these circumstances opera was caviar to the general public, who thought of it as an amusement for the rich on the one hand and for professional musicians on the other.

As regards the seeing of operas, there has not been much change since 1900. Millions of people in the country still do not live within easy reach of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco, or the other cities regularly visited by the Metropolitan, the San Carlo, or smaller opera companies and consequently find it impossible actually to be present at an opera. Operas in movies are as yet so rare and, in truth, so unsatisfactory that no cinematic transcription has ever had much success. At present, opera on television is even rarer. The second method, studying the score, is, of course, practiced now as it was in the past, but with a significant difference to the individual who is not a musician. This difference is our concern here.

It has been brought about by two developments in the first half

of the twentieth century: the improvement in phonograph records and the introduction of radio broadcasting. Through these, opera has become familiar to thousands to whom, in 1900, the musical form itself would have been a total mystery. In the first quarter of the century, hundreds of records of operatic selections, usually arias, were issued. People who had only read of Jean de Reszke were now able, on the farms and in the villages of the United States, to listen to the voice of his successor, Caruso. And if they heard Caruso, they almost certainly heard a bit of an opera. The second quarter of the century introduced the long-playing record, and complete operas grew common. In the last decade operas have flowed from the recording companies in such a spate that we now have as many as six different recordings of the same opera.

There had been some hesitant experimental broadcasting of opera before 1931, but in that year the first complete opera was sent out over the air waves from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, a Christmas Day performance of *Hänsel und Gretel*. The occasion was not looked upon as revolutionary. Even the Metropolitan was rather timid about its new venture. The directors seem to have felt that opera, being traditionally an exclusive art, would not appeal to the huge radio audience, and their first broadcasts were half apologetic. During one season only a portion of the opera was broadcast; at another time, a well-known and highly articulate musician would insinuate his commentary through the music to describe the action on the stage or to summarize the plot. In a very short time, however, a vast and almost militant public announced that it wanted its opera complete and uninterrupted; and at present, except for intermission features, the radio audience is hearing the same thing as the audience in the opera house.

Through the agency of television, the final step will unquestionably be taken in the second half of the century, and an operatic performance will be seen as well as heard by literally millions of people.

No one, I think, would deny that, to communicate the total effect, an opera should be seen. After all, that was the composer's intention. We do not, I believe, have closet-operas. But until

televised opera becomes common, most opera lovers are going to have to be satisfied with hearing operas only. And, though television may eliminate the broadcasting of opera as we know it today, I doubt that it will have any effect on the record companies, except possibly to increase their sales. For there are certain pleasures to be obtained from listening to opera which are denied to the spectator. I am not speaking of such low-brow compensations as the freedom to assume an informality of dress or a comfortable recumbency, nor shall I mention the saving in expense. The values I am interested in are, if not musical, at least operatic; and they undoubtedly are responsible for making opera the really popular art it has at last become.

Though much of what can be said for listening to opera will apply to both records and broadcasts, it will be convenient to separate them for purposes of discussion. The most obvious advantage of records is that they can be listened to more than once. An unfamiliar piece of music, unless it is a very simple and superficial one, has to be heard several times to be completely grasped. This is particularly true of opera, one of the longest and, I venture to say, most complex of the musical forms. It takes a person of prodigious musical instinct to assimilate at a first hearing even the greater part of such works as *Pelléas* or *Wozzeck*; no one, I think, would pretend that he had grasped all of them. Yet few people have the opportunity to see these works presented frequently on the operatic stage. For most of us, records are the only means of achieving the necessary rehearing.

A glance at Loewenberg's index of operas will prove that the repertory of the ordinary opera house is unbelievably limited. There are perfectly good reasons for this. Opera is an inordinately expensive undertaking, so that—in this country, at least, where it is felt that opera should pay its way—a manager is timid about risking a new production or a costly revival. He is particularly nervous when the work in question is unfamiliar, so that the public will have to be educated to it, a process that takes time and may involve several performances to half-empty houses. He cannot be too severely censured if he clings to the old sure-fire operas, or if he thinks, as one manager of the Metropolitan put it, that the foundation of any repertory is Verdi, Puccini, and Wagner. Now

though the true opera lover enjoys his thirtieth *Aida* or *La Bohème* or *Lohengrin* because no two performances are ever the same or even really very similar, he is also curious about the works which lie outside the customary repertory. Again, it is only on records that he can hear these works. There are numerous operas quite as good as many in the common repertory which, for one reason or another, managers shy away from. I have already mentioned two, *Pelléas* and *Wozzeck*; others which come immediately to mind are *L'Amore dei Tre Re*, *Der Freischütz*, *Guillaume Tell*, *La Damnation de Faust*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and *Turandot* as well as the two great works of Verdi's old age, *Otello* and *Falstaff*. These are all operas of the first rank or very near it, and they are all available on records; yet one must have had unusual operatic persistence to have seen one performance of each of these works, not to mention the rehearings which are needed.

I here interject a hope that the recording of the less trite operas will continue. When the first long-playing operas came out, the recording companies, quite naturally, drew upon the standard repertory, and there was a considerable scramble to get the first *Carmen*, *Bohème*, or *Rigoletto* on the market. One company, Columbia, assured itself of no deviation from the usual by its contract with the Metropolitan, which called for the recording of two operas that had been presented during the season. (This situation provided an interesting influence of a recording company upon the management of an opera house, since the opera to be recorded had to be sung by artists under contract to Columbia, and it served to familiarize them with their roles before the recording was made.) But after a time unfamiliar operas began to appear in the recording lists. For one thing, no matter how many people may want to buy *Faust*, any recording of it will have to compete with several others. But, more important perhaps, there are numerous foreign recording companies, and the standard repertory in Italy, for example, is not quite that of the Metropolitan. To the usual operas were thus added those which are revived every ten or twenty years. Finally, having made the break away from the regular operas, the recording companies have now often given us wildly unfamiliar works, operas which are virtually never revived, such as *Les Troyens à Carthage*, *Il Campanello*, *Il*

Battaglia di Legnano, and others. Let us hope that this boldness will continue until the opera lover, like the reader of novels, will be able to obtain all but the most unfamiliar works.

There are still glaring lacunae, however. There is as yet no *Ring des Nibelungen* and, more understandably, no *Rienzi*. Though Mozart is well represented, the vast and exciting output of Handel is still unexplored—all we have is *Julius Caesar* and a considerably shortened version of the *Pastor Fido*. Rossini seems to be on the verge of a revival, such as Verdi has recently enjoyed; yet we are waiting impatiently for his *Gazza Ladra*, so successfully resuscitated by Patti at the end of the last century, for his *Comte Ory*, *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and *Moïse*, or even for the less well-known but charming *Turco in Italia*, *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra* (recently broadcast from Italy as a coronation tribute to the English people), and *Otello*, the accepted operatic version of Shakespeare's tragedy until Verdi's superseded it. We have *Freischütz*, *Oberon*, and, oddly enough, *Abu Hassan*; but where is *Euryanthe*? Except for Handel, the greatest blank in operatic recording is Meyerbeer. Nothing of his, I believe, is recorded; yet our grandparents would have thought no opera season complete without at least one of the great Meyerbeers: *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, or *L'Africaine*. French opera is particularly scanty on records. Perhaps one should not cavil at the omission of Lulli, Philidor, Monsigny, Grétry, Méhul, Cherubini, Hérold, Auber (we have his *Fra Diavolo*); but where are Halévy, Thomas, or Gounod (except *Faust*)? Finally, where are the unfamiliar works of Richard Strauss? I do not pretend that all these operas are worthy of being staged—most of them are not—but they are all of great interest to the student of opera or even of musical taste, and they should be available to the thousands who take their opera seriously. And they will eventually be recorded, of that I am sure. It is only a question of time.

If unfamiliar operas are accessible on records, so are unfamiliar singers and conductors. One who attended opera in no other country but this would hear only a few of the leading singers at any one time. It may be true, as it is often argued, that the Metropolitan eventually hires almost all the great operatic singers; but it is likewise true that European singers have often seen their best

days by the time they arrive in New York. Some excellent singers of the past—Battistini, Raisa, Garden, Dalmores, Supervia, Teyte—were never captured by the Metropolitan; and at present we are reading of the successes elsewhere of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Sena Jurinac, Boris Christoff, Renata Tebaldi, Maria Callas, and numerous others who have found favor with foreign audiences. It is possible that these artists will all eventually sing from the Metropolitan stage, but even if they never do, the opera listener has their records, and Tebaldi's *Butterfly* or Christoff's *Boris Godunov* will not be a matter of legend only. Furthermore, it should be unnecessary to remind the reader that we can hear on records the interpretations of singers whose careers have ended. It is true that we have no complete opera recordings with Patti, Jean de Reszke, Caruso, Nordica, Destinn, Galli-Curci, Bonci, Muzio, and the like; but we do have isolated operatic passages which give us some indication of their abilities. We do not suffer from the disheartening realization, as we do when we read of Agujari, Pasta, Mario, Grisi, Malibran, Farinelli, or Viardot, that we shall never quite know what these voices were like. Patti's trill at the beginning of the "Jewel Song," so unlike the heavy, lumpy trills of the present day; Nordica's turn in the "Suicidio," even the few bars of *L'Africaine* which are all that remain to us of Jean de Reszke—these offer comparisons by which contemporary singers can be judged. We should feel gratitude that many of our own great singers of the recent past—Flagstad, Ponselle, Lehmann, Gigli—are well represented by modern recording methods, some of them in complete operas. With these long-playing records, we are building up invaluable histories of operatic style in the middle years of the twentieth century.

One may protest that, by not seeing the action on the stage, the listener to opera loses most of the dramatic impact of the story. It would be idle to deny this charge completely. Admittedly, many of the great dramatic moments in opera—Siegmond's wresting of the sword from the tree in the first act of *Walküre* or Don José's murderous stalking of Carmen in the final scene of the Bizet opera—should be seen. But the imagination can do much. If the listener is acquainted with every detail of the action—and the action in an opera is not usually very subtle or complicated—and if, as a true opera lover should, he understands every word that is

being sung, then his imagination spreads before him all that is passing on the stage. And sometimes the composer's intention is better served by the mind's eye than the physical one. I once knew a young man who liked to study the scores of symphonies because, as he said, there were no mistakes in them. Well, something like this ideal of perfection appeals to the opera listener. To him all Isoldes are young and slender, as they cannot be on the stage; all Carmens fulfill whatever image of seductiveness he may have in his mind; lyric tenors are tall, and heroic ones lithe and athletic. Nor does the listener share the operagoer's distress at much of the scenery, for if the action takes place in a rocky glen, he visualizes real rocks, not canvas ones; Violetta's poor Paris bedroom in the last act of *Traviata* is a tiny, cramped room, such as a woman with only twenty louis in her purse would be forced to rent, not the fifty by thirty foot reception hall usual on the stage. Operatic acting, too, like that of the ballet, cannot be realistic; certain stylized gestures are about all a singer is capable of while trying to produce the correct tones. But the opera listener is not offended by the customary expansive arm-waving; to him the acting is so perfect that it ceases to be acting at all. Thus, the listener may miss some of the dramatic effect, but if he is well prepared for listening, he gains instead certain pleasures of the imagination which he would be reluctant to forgo.

And certainly most of the drama of an opera lies in the music and the voices, and these the listener can enjoy as well as the viewer. The excitement of Alfredo's arrival at the end of *Traviata* comes, not from the sudden appearance of the tenor, but from the palpitating rush of the music preceding his entrance. Probably the most dramatic features of Wagner's *Ring* are the *leit-motivs*, the musical comments or reminiscences or glimpses into a character's thoughts which frequently make a static stage picture full of excitement. The delivery of the words, of course, is fundamental in projecting the dramatic quality of an opera. At the close of *Traviata*, for example, Violetta, just before her death, experiences an illusory sensation of returning health. The only action that the soprano is physically capable of on the stage is to rise from the bed or chair, and that can be easily visualized; the real excitement—and it is a very exciting moment—lies in the breathless hope in Violetta's voice and particularly in her final triumphant "Oh

gioja!" The crucial question in the Nile Scene of *Aida*, "E quel sentier?" can be made, as indeed it was made by Ljuba Welitch, the crowning moment of the most dramatic act of the opera. And who that has ever heard it can forget Melchior's "Ach, Isolde, Isolde!" in the last act of *Tristan*? Yet these are all moments of relative quietness on the stage. Imagine them without the music, and see how much has been added to the simple words.

It is only fair to concede that one who listens to opera on records misses, as well as certain dramatic values, certain musical ones. Recording engineers would doubtless hoot at me, but I cannot get it out of my mind that some voices, like some instruments, do not record well. I suspect this was true of Sembrich, Melba, and Calvé, whose records have never seemed to me to explain their great reputations. Of course, preacoustical recording seldom flattered a voice, and these artists were recorded only by that primitive method. But I have felt it somewhat with contemporary singers: the dry quality which is undeniably present in Martial Singher's voice, for instance, seems to me accentuated on records. I think it is also possible that a tremolo which would cause little critical outcry in the opera house might be exaggerated in the recording process. Yet here I am on questionable ground. There is one distortion on records, however, which few will dispute: a voice which is too small for the usual opera house can be made to appear of normal volume on records. The Metropolitan once engaged a pleasant-voiced soprano who, one of her colleagues assured me, was practically inaudible even to the other singers on the stage; yet her broadcasts and her records gave her voice all the amplification it required. The purist, I think, is within his rights in objecting to any artificial means of altering a voice: it may be agreeable to listen to, but it is simply not the voice of the singer.

The most serious objection to listening to opera on records—and this applies to anything on records, not only opera—is that there is an inescapable deadness about it. The performance, no matter how excellent, has been crystallized for all time and can never change. I mentioned earlier the opera lover who can still summon up a considerable eagerness to see his thirtieth *La Bohème*. I was not, of course, referring to the thirtieth hearing of the same performance. That might well be unmitigated torture. The repeated playing of an opera on records is not to be under-

estimated as a means of learning the opera note by note and word for word, but it is a quite different experience from being present at or hearing a live performance.

No such objection attaches to listening to a radio broadcast, the second of the two methods of listening to opera. Here the performance is alive and has all the charm and the thrilling uncertainty of the living opera. The singers or the conductor may possibly for the moment rise above themselves, or they may, of course, fall below themselves—one can never be quite sure what will happen. As the curtain goes up on the third act of *Aida*, we share some of the soprano's nervousness as she approaches her ordeal. We think apprehensively of the tenor in the wings during the first few moments of *Otello*. How will he manage his brutally difficult entrance with its ringing "Esultate!" If he triumphs over this, will he survive his greatest test, the second act? Can the soprano save her voice, and yet not appear to save it, for the *Liebestod*? These possibly trivial and slightly ghoulish excitements are not to be enjoyed when one listens to records: if the scene is not done well, it can be done over until the result is satisfactory. The realization of this causes a certain repose or lack of fire in the singer, who, dressed in street clothes and standing score in hand before a microphone, cannot be expected to capture the nervous spirit of an actual performance before an audience.

Opera broadcasting in this country is virtually synonymous with broadcasting from the Metropolitan Opera House. I know of no other group that regularly broadcasts live performances of complete operas. Every Saturday afternoon for over twenty years millions of Americans have sat down before their radios to hear the syrupy but comfortable voice of Milton Cross describing the opera of the day. It is no doubt unfortunate that we are thus limited to the work of a single opera company, whose standards are not always irreproachable, but we have much to be grateful for. In this way, we hear almost every opera in the repertory, usually missing no more than one or two. Also, when the Metropolitan began to realize the size and importance of the Saturday afternoon audience, that audience was the one most often favored for important premieres and debuts. As early as 1932, the Metropolitan premiere of Richard Strauss' *Elektra* was given on a Saturday afternoon, and since that time the listeners have heard the

first Metropolitan performances of Hansen's *Merry Mount*, Gruenberg's *Emperor Jones*, Rogers's *Warrior*, and Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*. Singers in whom the management has particular confidence have often been granted a Saturday matinee debut, so that the whole country can share the excitement. If, on February 2, 1935, those of us at our radios were not able to see Mrs. August Belmont rise in her box to lead the applause at the end of the first act of *Walküre*, we were hardly less moved than she was at our first hearing of the magnificent voice of Kirsten Flagstad. There was much excitement, too, after the first, and more after the third, act of *Aida*, when Gina Cigna made her appearance in New York; and though her later work suggests that on this occasion she may have been rising above her normal abilities, still the radio audience heard a fine voice at its best under the nerve-wracking but exhilarating circumstances of a radio debut. That audience, also, heard the new *Manon*, Bidu Sayao, at her introduction on February 13, 1937. The list could be continued: Torsten Ralf, Rise Stevens, Salvatore Baccaloni, Jan Peerce, Astrid Varnay—all were given radio debuts, and much of the excitement in the opera house on these occasions was thus imparted to millions over the land.

Listening to an opera broadcast is about halfway between seeing an opera and hearing it on records. It is a live performance and therefore often less perfect but also more thrilling than one on records; on the other hand, the radio listeners are restricted for their enjoyment of opera almost exclusively to the standard repertory. Both records and radio performances demand the active participation of the listener's imagination, and both, by the way, permit the perhaps too scholarly pleasure of following the opera with the score. (The pleasure of following an opera with a libretto seems to me too slight to be worth mentioning.) In any case, the values of listening to opera, as millions of us are forced to do for residential or financial reasons, are so many and so great that I, for one, await the imminent televising of opera with a certain regret. For the opera listener the last fifty years have been very pleasant.

Two poems

JOSEPH LEONARD GRUCCI

OUTSIGHT

Movements define
The paths he crossed,
Yet give no sign
That he is lost.

His flight endures
Through rarest air,
Motion obscures
His thick despair.

Man is a mime
Without a face,
He races time
And time's shadow, space.

He moves in air
Fleeter than sound,
Fixes his stare
Till vision's drowned.

ADVICE TO THE DOOMED

The path's not wide,
I cannot make the bend.
Coil and slide
And flatten cheek to ground.

Is there a chink
To clutch at in the cliff?
Finger the brink
And crawl like soldier or thief.

I need more time
To go crawling so.
See how they climb,
Your pursuers below!

The path's so narrow
I'll never reach the end.
Burl and burrow,
Be one with fox and ground.

The laughter from the western islands

JOHN GRAVES

At Aiea, on Oahu, there is a big naval hospital to which I was taken in the summer of 1944, after being wounded at Saipan. It is a handsome hospital, possibly the most beautiful the Navy owns, built on the high green mountainside overlooking Honolulu, and Pearl Harbor, and the impossibly blue Pacific stretching south into blue-white mists where lie Molokai, and Maui, and the Big Island of Hawaii. Everything about it is beautiful, and when I went there it was jammed to the windows with other marines injured in the fighting on the vicious but beautiful islands far to the west.

Looking back at Aiea now and trying to see the meaningful things—the way I and the others like me were, how we felt—is a little like trying, at breakfast, to recapture the significance of an impressive, half-remembered dream. Does anyone, for that matter, who was young enough to fight in a war simply because it was a war, comprehend truly (even with the dispatches from a newer war to make sharp his recollection) the person that he then was? Facts are clear—the large things that happened, what you did in them—bitten clean and deep into your consciousness, and so is a two-dimensional picture of yourself as you were. But I think there is an alien personality assumed by most men for war, or manufactured for them by war, which if they are young (we in that junior part of the Sick Officers' Quarters would not have averaged twenty-three) becomes them, at least for a time. It is a personality not pleasant perhaps, nor necessarily lasting, and later when there is no need for it, it is very hard to understand or even to remember.

Certainly to outsiders—navy men or marines who had not been to the western islands—we must have seemed both incomprehensible and unpleasant at Aiea. Because we were young and had fought recently, and they had not, we were arrogant and concerned only with ourselves. Some of us had fought far less than

others, but we had that arrogance in common. And we talked too much: through that S. O. Q. an almost drunken babbling ran like a fever—a constant telling and retelling of tales. They were battle tales, nearly always grim—personal experiences or the experiences of friends in the fighting we had left not long before. But weirdly, they usually had a humorous point, or a point that was supposed somehow to be humorous, and to us was. We told the stories laughing, and we expected and got laughter from those who listened. When the things we told about had taken place, most of them had not been comical, nor would they be comical later, but at that time and with that fever they were. They had to be.

Thus there was laughter when Stan Jamison—who had been at Aiea, half-paralyzed, since Tarawa, so that he knew no stories of the more recent islands—told about his landing at that bitter atoll, to which he had gone as a green officer replacement fresh from the schools at Quantico, Virginia. Not trusting him with a platoon, they had given him instead a hundred men of battalion reserve to bring in on a tank-lighter in the sixth wave; and Stan told how (we had all been taught the same thing at Quantico) when he had felt the boat's keel grate on something solid he had signalled the distraught coxswain to lower the ramp, and without looking ahead had dashed down it calling (in strict usage also), "Follow me!" Only what the keel had grated on had been not the shore but a coral outcropping, and he had led the men into nine feet of water three hundred yards from the fire-spitting beach, and thirty-two of them had gotten to shore alive. Because we too had run down ramps shouting to men behind us, we somehow had the right, and the need, to laugh at that story. And it was also funny when Arthur Minetti told how, after a shell-burst on the beach at Saipan, he had waked up to find his right arm dangling by a shred of muscle, had risen anesthetized by shock, and finding a medical corpsman had told him, "Boy, how about cutting this thing off for me?" and the corpsman had vomited. At Aiea, with the fever, those were funny stories, and we found amusement in them and in the rest like them, including our own, because the drunkenness of fighting had not yet worn off, because we were alive still and did not know exactly how, because without laughter we might have wept.

Some did weep. They told stories, too, from the same obsessive compulsion toward speech that possessed us all, but they did not laugh nor were you, listening, supposed to laugh at their stories. They spoke too much of death, and death by itself, unless it was the death of Japanese, was not funny even at Aiea. But of the weepers there were only a few and in the end, unless they were friends from your unit, you avoided them, because it was painful not being able to laugh.

A few others neither laughed nor wept. Some of them were outsiders, in the hospital for ailments more conventional or duller than ours, who listened to us not understanding, with a sort of horror. But some were of us—older, or wiser-born, or perhaps tempered against too much emotion by the professionalism of the career marine—and these listened calmly to our stories, knowing why we laughed, and perhaps why some wept.

I think probably that Tom Kirsten was born wiser. He was a wiry slight lieutenant, bedfast with a pair of smashed knees, who at twenty-four possessed a quiet maturity that many of us would perhaps never have. He had blond fine hair, and a soft voice, and he was gentle—not the commonest quality among us, but since he had been beyond question a good officer (having been given a Navy Cross, and they were seldom accidental), and since his gentleness was not of a kind which the rest of us could find objectionable, or discomforting, we respected it and gathered often, those of us who were classified ambulatory, in his room off the lanai looking back toward the sky and the green mountain backbone of Oahu. We told stories there, and laughed, and Tom Kirsten listened, talking little but sometimes smiling gently with our mirth. In that room people like big eaglenosed Amos Purdy, who had once been a Raider and whose funny stories were often too brutal even for those who wanted badly to see them as funny, were usually quieter and less obtrusive. The gentleness was contagious.

Amos Purdy told a story there one day, though, that was a little too much for any of us. It involved a sergeant he had known, and the gold teeth in a dead Japanese officer, and when it was finished hardly anyone except Amos laughed. His quick eyebrows lowered into a frown, little Sam Ward objected aloud. "That's a hell of a thing for anybody to do," he said. "They're at least human."

Amos answered that with brief obscenity and for a moment, as they glared at each other (along with everything else, our tempers were short at Aiea), it looked like an argument. None of us wanted to hear it, for the humanity of the enemy was not something we wanted, at that time, to think or talk about. And when Tom Kirsten, in his slightly drawling voice, spoke quietly into the tense air we turned to him in relief.

"There was a funny thing happened to me," he said, diffidently, "when I got hurt."

"What was it?" I asked. We had not heard a story from Tom before, since he did not talk much, and I very much did not want, right then, to have to listen any more to Amos.

"You were talking about their being human and all," said Tom, glancing with a smile at Amos. "It reminded me."

It had been at Saipan, where most of us had been wounded. Tom Kirsten had had a platoon there, in a battalion commanded by a famous lieutenant-colonel, an eccentric mustang known through the Corps for his colorful boldness. The battalion was "gung-ho" (that Raider motto which we had perverted to an adjective, only half-admiring, to describe units which had more than the normal share of esprit, and which therefore often did a little more than the normal share of fighting), and it had taken heavy casualties from the initial landings at Charon-Kanoa on the southwest coast of the island. Somehow Tom Kirsten had managed to last for three weeks, by which time his division, moving north, was about halfway up the island in a region of jagged fortified hills and deep rocky valleys. Late one day, at dusk, after his company had taken a hill and had been ordered back below its crest to dig in for the night (on those islands that was standard: if they came at night you could see them better, silhouetted against the sky), Tom was told to go to the forward slope to find out what he could before dark. With a sergeant and a messenger he crawled up to a vantage point: their hill fell away precipitously to a stream-bed below, and beyond that lay a larger, gentler, wider hill with a pelt of thick underbrush. For a few minutes Tom studied it, without finding anything but a ruined anti-aircraft emplacement that the dive-bombers had smashed, and was about ready to report back to his company commander when suddenly, simul-

taneously, two machine-guns opened fire on them from widely separated spots in the innocent underbrush across the valley.

Under that cross-fire, fully exposed, they had to get up and run, but the messenger was the only one who made it. Tom's sergeant was killed in almost the first burst and Tom, when he rose to run, was stitched across the backs of both knees and fell backward, tumbling down the steep rough face of the hill to land unconscious at its base.

It was black when he awoke, stiff and chilled from the damp cool air that with night had crept up the valley eastward from the sea. He could not find his carbine or his helmet, and his knees, when he tried aimlessly to pull himself along the stream-bed, pained him so badly that he grunted aloud. That seemed to help, so he grunted again, louder. But then, from nearby on the enemy hill, voices exclaimed in Japanese, and Tom Kirsten abruptly stopped both crawling and grunting. Teeth clenched, he lay still for a long while before he finally remembered the morphine syrettes he carried in the bottom of his binocular-case. He had not eaten or slept much in weeks, and when he injected the entire contents of one into his dirty forearm, it had a mercifully immediate effect—relaxed and suddenly warmed, and not really giving a damn at the moment about anything, he went to sleep on the bare water-rounded rocks of the stream-bed.

Considerably later—when he opened his eyes the valley and the two hills were silvered with moonlight—someone shook his shoulder and spoke to him, several times, before he managed to pull himself out of his thick sleep. The man who had waked him was kneeling beside him, and four or five others stood around, their faces shadowed by helmets. Tom Kirsten blinked gratefully up at them without speaking.

"Where are you hurt?" asked the man at his side.

Tom gestured urgently with his hand. "Not so damn loud," he whispered, his throat dry from the drug. "They're all around here."

The man laughed, shortly. "They?" he said. "Which they?" His face when he turned it up into the moonlight to look at one of the standing men was flat, with high cheekbones, and when he spoke again it was in short, guttural, alien syllables. The standing men laughed also, looking down at Tom Kirsten. Almost magical-

ly they took on definition and clarity—small men wearing helmets which, above ragged uniforms, were of the enemy shape.

I wonder (I do not know) whether in any war Americans have faced an enemy about whom they have had the same feeling that we in the Pacific had toward the Japanese. War is war, and if we are to believe the novelists it is a universal experience (though what observant man ever wanted to see enough of them to verify that universality?), but beneath that (granted) sameness it seems to me that in the Pacific, with the Japanese, there was something a little different—something in the way we felt about them, in the way they made us feel.

For years after the war was finished, I used to dream about my own personal Japanese—a very Oriental, very yellow little man in one of their mustard-brown uniforms, so fat (this I know to be an image taken from some bloated enemy dead that I once passed, on a trail) that his tight belt separated him, like linked sausage, into two segments. Somehow in himself that sausage-man held the terrible mystery of all his people in war (and nothing that I have heard or read since, from people who have studied Japan in peace, has made me comprehend, inside, what they were in war), and in the dreams I would find myself alone with him, night after night, sometimes on a bare war-blasted hill, more often in a dark enclosed place—a cave, or a cluttered gloomy cellar—where we would stalk each other. I was afraid; he (they seemed never to be) was not. When I shot at him I always missed, or my carbine would misfire, and he would run at me then, laughing, with a long shining samurai sword. And each time I would wake up, because the horror of it was too great to face.

It was horror not only fearful, but guilty. In that Pacific war, on either side, there was little mercy. And when once you have lacked mercy, if only for a time, your born burden of guilt is forever a little heavier. Pity we could feel sometimes, some of us—for after their first, long-prepared successes they did nothing but lose. But the tenacity with which they lost, battle after battle, island after island, and the fierceness of their very incompetence—the last-man stands, the banzai riots—made mercy impossible, made it a war almost Assyrian in its brutality. To us these strange fierce little men, who even physically were so distinct from us,

who without apparent fear chattered obscenely and terribly in the night beyond the lines in a language that only a scholar-linguist could learn, who died drunkenly without ever yielding—to us they were in some measure contemptible, because they always failed, because (we were Americans) they were different. But they were fearsome, too, and the fear we had of them was only partly fear of the thing that is dangerous.

So that when Tom Kirsten looked up and knew that the men standing around him were Japanese, he did not have a great deal to say. In that war, from men as desperate and hating as these would be, he could expect only one thing. So what he did—and knowing him I believe this—what he did, gazing up at them in the silver moonlight, augmented at that moment by an aerial flare down the line, was laugh. He was still giddy from the morphine, and things could not be worse, so he laughed. “All right,” he said to the squatting man who had spoken English. “All right, where to from here? Tokyo?”

The man's face was shaded, and his voice was flat. “You've got guts,” he said.

With the precise almost perfect enunciation the slang sounded queer, and Tom Kirsten grinned. “Where'd you pick up English?” he said. “Listening in on our field-phones?”

For a moment, staring down, the Japanese was silent. “I'll ask the questions,” he said finally. “When will your regiment attack again, and where?”

The spectacle of an attempt at formal interrogation, in the stream-bed, in the moonlight, by this ragged doomed Oriental who spoke better English than Tom did himself, was so ridiculous that Tom chuckled again. “As far as I can figure,” he said, “the damn thing never quits attacking.”

“You're a prisoner of war,” said the Japanese sharply. “Answer me.”

“Thomas C. Kirsten,” Tom said. “First lieutenant, oh one three oh four five.”

“No more than that?” The voice was expressionless.

“No,” said Tom. “It wouldn't do you any good anyhow, and you know it.”

The Japanese stiffened visibly—for an instant Tom wished the morphine had not made him so heedless—but his tone, surprisingly, was still calm. "Where were you hit?" he asked. "In the legs?"

"Yes."

"I thought so when you fell," the man said, with satisfaction at having observed well. "The others we killed."

"Only one," Tom Kirsten said, remembering the messenger capering frantically to safety beyond the hill's crest and then, with a recurrence of personal rage, his sergeant. "You weren't so damn good."

"I'm a lieutenant, too," the Japanese said curtly, answering not Tom's words but his tone. "I've lost men, plenty of them." After staring at Tom a moment longer, he stood up and spoke with staccato authority to the other men, and Tom noticed for the first time the absurd medieval sword dangling from his belt. Bowing, the soldiers turned and went back up the hill into the brush, leaving the officer alone with Tom. He reached toward his hip, and Tom thought at first (he told us that day at Aiea) that it was to draw the sword, but instead he brought out a canteen. "Water?" he asked flatly, without intonation.

Morphine, like whiskey, is dehydratory. Without speaking Tom took the canteen and drank deeply before he was struck, inconspicuously, by a thought that often strikes water-borrowers on battlefields. He stopped gulping and, without even intending to, said an odd thing, which a moment later he was amazed to have said. "Sorry," he said. "Maybe you haven't got much more."

The officer recapped the canteen and restored it to its case. "We've got all we'll need," he said with a hint of humor, in the precise English.

He sat down then, crosslegged, beside Tom Kirsten on the ground, and they remained for a time in silence, without tension, until one of the small soldiers reappeared from the brush, bearing a lumpy bundle. Taking it, the officer dismissed him again.

"Here's a blanket," he said, shaking it out and spreading it over Tom, who only then realized that he felt cold. "It's mine, and I don't think it's got lice. Not much else I can do—our first-aid things are gone."

("God damn it," Tom said to us in the hospital room at Aiea.

"He'd killed Swanson not hours before, and I hated his guts, and I actually got tears in my damn eyes when he gave me that old stinking blanket."

Amos Purdy snickered. "Tears for a slopehead's blanket?"

"Yes," Tom said. "It was funny, the way I felt.")

"Thanks," he said to the Japanese officer. "Much obliged."

"You're a Southerner," said the officer.

"That's right."

"Do you know anything about California?"

"I trained there for five months," Tom Kirsten said, almost hypnotized by the weird turn of the conversation. "I know Los Angeles, and Dago, and that part."

"San Felipe?"

"Yes," said Tom. "A friend of mine was from there. We used to go up sometimes, weekends."

"There were . . ." The Japanese officer paused, twisting his head with an odd nervous jerk. "I had some friends, in college, a brother and sister. Mackenzie."

"I'll be damned," Tom said softly, staring into the man's shaded face. "I'll be damned."

"You knew them?"

"The girl I met once," Tom answered finally. "I think the boy had been killed in the Navy. In the Solomons."

The Japanese did not move, but his voice when he spoke was unmistakably softened by emotion. "He was a good friend."

It was like (Tom said) accidentally meeting someone from your part of the country, and sitting down with him to find out what he knew that you knew—colleges, other cities, people. In the cool unreal night air of that deadly valley, lighted by the moon and occasionally the fitful pallid flares, with sporadic night-battle sounds from up and down the nervous line, they talked for a long time—hours, it seemed to Tom—about California, and America. After a time there was no stiffness, and the Japanese officer spoke freely about himself.

To Tom, insulated by another half-syrette against the pain in his legs and again a little drunk, the improbability of the place and the conversation and the man beside him blended at last into one great improbability which, because there was no other tangible reality to which to refer, became weirdly plausible. He found

himself accepting calmly the fact that the Japanese officer had graduated from U.C.L.A. in 1940, after having been sent there by some mysterious authority which, when he had finished his technical course, had whisked him back to Japan. It was reasonable and quite in the nature of things that the officer—fighting now for his life against Americans—should speak of his life in America, and of the friends he seemed to have made easily, with a clear nostalgia ("like we talk when we've been out here too long," Tom said), and that he should apparently know more about American history, and economics, and government, than Tom knew. "I'm fairly sure I could have passed the citizenship tests," he said once, grinning when Tom commented on this. He had liked it all, in spite of the disadvantage, which he mentioned without rancor, of being an Oriental in California, and it was reasonable that he should have liked it.

Except obliquely, they did not mention the war until at last it seemed that everything had been said, and a silence fell, and the reasonableness abruptly disappeared. Head bent, the enemy officer stared at the rocks between his legs, drumming his fingers against his knee.

Tom Kirsten cleared his throat. "Listen," he said, then stopped. He did not know how to say it politely. "You've lived there—you know what we're like . . ."

"Yes."

"Look," Tom said urgently. "If you surrendered you know you'd be treated all right."

The officer had removed his helmet during their conversation; on his face as he gazed down was a slight smile. Somewhere to the east sounded the brief bump-bump-a-bump of a night-time interdiction volley from the 105's. "I know," he said. "I've thought about it."

"Well, look . . ."

"No," said the officer, not discourteously, still smiling.

Tom frowned. "You crazy bastard," he said, as to a wayward friend. "You haven't got a prayer."

"I know that, too." The Japanese rose, and lifting his face in the moonlight to gaze up the narrow valley, inhaled. "Smell that?" he asked.

Tom Kirsten did not need to sniff. He had known the odor for so long and so steadily now that his nostrils, as a defense, had ceased almost to be aware of it. On those islands, under the tropical sun, that penetrating foul sugarcane sweetness arose within a day or so after the beginning of a battle, and it lasted, despite burial details and unslaked lime and bulldozed deep mass-graves, for sometimes months after the killing had stopped. "Yes," he said.

"It's the smell of my people," the officer said. "The stink of Japan."

"That doesn't mean anything."

"Yes," said the Japanese. "It does."

"Why?" demanded Tom.

The officer was not smiling now. "I don't even ask that," he said soberly. There was nothing more then for either of them to say, and for a few moments they were silent, until at last, reaching into his pocket, the Japanese brought out something small and pale, and bending over laid it with a quick embarrassed motion on Tom Kirsten's breast. "A memento," he said. "Something to remember a crazy bastard by."

(Tom asked Sam Ward to get it out of the drawer of his bedside table and we passed it around, examining it. It was a beautifully carved crescent lump of ivory, brown with age, of the kind that when hung from the sash of their kimonos serves some purpose, useful or otherwise. With them you never know when a thing is useful, or only ornamental.)

Tom took it, then fumbled toward his own pocket (not knowing what he would bring out), but the officer stopped him with an ironic gesture. "It would only be wasted," he said.

"Have you got any wounded?" Tom asked, and when the other man nodded he brought out all but one of his remaining syrettes and gave them to him, telling him what they were. The Japanese thanked him and then, putting his helmet on his head, moved a few steps backward, toward the brush.

"Say hello to Elizabeth Mackenzie," he said.

"I will," answered Tom Kirsten. "So long."

"Good bye," said the officer, and turning quickly he marched in the evanescent moonlight up his hill, into the brush, and out of sight.

Tom Kirsten stopped speaking, and stared out the window of the hospital at the rough rock-and-green mountainside and the blue white-clouded sky above it. Later that afternoon it would rain on the mountain—it always did—but it never looked like rain until the rain came. We who had been listening smiled too, but only from habit, and finally Amos Purdy, cracking his knuckles uneasily, for once in his life spoke for us. "So?" he said.

Tom Kirsten looked at him. "So?"

"So what? How'd it end up?" Amos demanded. What he wanted was the inevitable laugh, the point to the story.

"Oh," Tom said. "Well, I spotted a good hole and dragged over to it for the night, with that old blanket. It wasn't lousy, either. When they laid in the barrage next morning it managed to miss me somehow, and an hour or so after that the battalion had the big hill. And the surgeon had me."

Amos blinked in furious incomprehension. "What happened to the slopehead?"

Tom smiled. "What happened to any of them, Amos?" he asked quietly. "Maybe your sergeant got his teeth."

Amos stared at him for a few moments, pulling at his big fingers, then dropped his eyes. He did not understand. Possibly he never would, but some of the rest of us were even then a little too close to understanding to be comfortable. We liked Tom Kirsten, who was not a weeper and had a Navy Cross, and from whom emanated a gentleness which we needed, but we were a little bit outraged. At Aiea, at that time, no one had the right to tell a story like that, not even Tom Kirsten. It was worse really than having had to listen to the weepers, because then you did not have to take seriously: you could believe that hysteria had distorted the shape of their reality, that your own reality was better. But many of us, when our bodies had healed, were going to have to go again to the western islands, and (we did not have what Tom Kirsten had) if we had allowed ourselves to understand what he seemed to be saying, and to believe it, it would have been harder to go, and to do what we had to do there. What he said ripped at the personalities the war had given us, and we did not like it.

Soon afterward, therefore, we drifted one by one out of Tom's room to wander uncomfortably around the ward, in quest of

something it seemed we had lost. Whatever it was, we found it before long in the shape of a new arrival, a lean second lieutenant named Metz, who had been put in a bed on the lanai with a huge flesh-wound in his thigh. Metz was a nice fellow, though more nervous even than we, and he had a good story. A week or so before, with his company commander, he had been reconnoitering a deep long ravine on Guam (there were marines there now; we from Saipan were about to be superseded, just as we had superseded Stan Jamison and Tarawa), when a sniper had fired at them from a cliff. His bullet struck a grenade in the right pocket of Metz's dungaree coat, splitting its cast-iron shell and producing a strange low-order detonation which, though it only scooped out a large hole in Metz's thigh, instantly killed the captain standing beside him. The thing had been so freakish (the captain had been a good friend, and Metz did not speak much of him, or of his death) that Metz had to pause once or twice telling about it, to laugh, and the rest of us, listening, laughed also. It was a very funny story, the kind that at Aiea, then, we wanted to hear.

Two poems

HOWARD SERGEANT

THE WIND BLOWS OVER

But lovers hoard
a summer in their veins
and, blinder than moles,
fable out their winters
behind the walls
of flesh, the singing bone.
Conditioned by desire,
even their stars are brighter.

Hands are not leaves
to wither at a weather's
turning, their limbs
not boughs to fail; and all
who love drive twig
and tendril towards one end.

The cold ambitious
wind blows over them.

THREE IN THE DESERT

They fled through the desert away from the dream
to bury their fears in the burning sand,
but the Joshua trees with their twisted limbs
were more than the sensitive Eye could stand.

When the wind rode high and they cried for water
Hand was the captain who plotted their course
till they reached Death Valley where the springs were bitter
and the waterholes dried up at their source.

And Head was the victim of grand illusion,
exhorting his fellows to follow the Host,
but beyond the Mojave established no Zion
nor even a settlement on the coast.

Hand, Head and Eye, three walking as one,
discovered no unity under the sun.

Can anthropologists discover national characteristics?

GORDON W. HEWES

To some people, anthropology must seem to be an inconsistent science because of the shifts that have occurred in its position on certain fundamental issues. From about 1870 until 1910, for example, the notion that societies could be ordered in evolutionary fashion from "savagery" to high civilization was widely accepted. It was usually assumed that this range of cultural differences had a biological basis, and that the intellectual achievements and the character of a people were matters of heredity. Between the two world wars, however, the enlightened public was led to reject the theory that inborn, or genetic factors, determined group patterns of behavior. The pendulum of liberal opinion swung so far in the new direction that any statement attributing typical personality or character traits to a cultural group was regarded as thinly disguised racism, or was believed to reflect an unscientific prejudice. During World War II, at the very time that many of our anthropologists were exposing the fallacies of the Nazi explanations of national character differences, others were calmly proceeding to investigate and describe national character—principally the Japanese and German varieties. Since the War national character research continues to be recognized as a perfectly legitimate branch of anthropology, although many social scientists and liberal laymen regard it with suspicion.

The earlier racist point of view was not necessarily malevolent. The old-time anthropologist usually argued that the "lesser breeds" of mankind were simply less fully evolved than the people in the vanguard of humanity, and hence should not be blamed for their biological limitations. This teaching, so comforting to the masters of colonial empires, soon came under withering attack. Franz Boas and his pupils, in particular, amassed convincing evidence to show that race, language, and culture were not causally connected. In addition, a vigorous school of ethnology, centered

in Germany and Austria, emphasized historical processes in cultural change rather than biological factors.

Later, at a time when a belated popular racism was gaining momentum in Weimar Germany and was finding simultaneous expression in the United States in the revival of the Klan and in the restrictive immigration laws, psychology joined the battle against cultural biologism. Pavlov's studies of conditioning helped to undermine the instinctivist position, well represented in McDougall's *Social Psychology* (1908). The instinctivists believed that inborn tendencies explained most human behavior. The behaviorists, led by John B. Watson, on the other hand, energetically repudiated this notion, laying emphasis instead on learned responses. The behaviorist position was reinforced in turn by Freudian psychology, in spite of lingering instinctivism in the background of Freud's theory. A central theme in the Freudian gospel is the acceptance of the overwhelming importance of infantile and early childhood learning experience in the formation of the adult personality. Thus both behaviorists and Freudians were essentially environmentalist rather than geneticist. Even the mental testing movement, which began in the atmosphere of Francis Galton's pioneer theories of genetics and genius, was to lead at last to the recognition that social group differences in average I.Q. could be best explained on environmental grounds rather than in terms of heredity.

Genetics, too, broke away from its association with eugenics—another legacy from Galton—and became the most rigorous experimental branch of biology. Under the very slow conditions of human breeding, the geneticists could show that the differences in cultural accomplishments of various racial or national populations could not be due to biological factors. For example, the Nordics, the favorite choice of the racists for mankind's supermen, did not begin to participate in urban civilization until about fifty generations ago, and exhibited little "leadership" until less than twenty generations ago. The modest cultural achievements of these light-skinned, blond Northern Europeans pale into insignificance when compared to the accomplishments of their swarthier Mediterranean neighbors for nearly two hundred generations. But even this historical record is insufficient to convince

us that the Mediterraneans, then, must have better genes than anybody else.

The fact that cultural differences are not attributable to heredity, which anthropologists of good will have spared no pains to publicize, does not mean that the world's peoples are practically identical in behavior. The demonstration that biological factors play a trivial role in cultural differentiation does not mean that there is no such thing as national character. In rejecting cultural biologism, it is not necessary to abandon the hypothesis that members of a cultural group may share, to a certain extent, similar characteristics of personality or temperament, if those members have been exposed to similar learning experiences. The fact that all human groups are made up of individuals, each with a distinctive personality, is not in conflict with the theory of national or cultural character. The typical American or Englishman remains an individual. Also, we need not be bothered by the objection that the personality pattern of a group is merely an abstraction and hence not "real"; the individual's personality, too, is only a convenient abstraction.

Yet, in some circles it is still a mark of one's liberal attitude and intellectual objectivity to subscribe to the statement: "Never make generalizations about groups of people." This is an exceedingly fatuous statement unless it implies that we should make no generalizations about anything. Obviously, some generalizations about tribes, nations, populations, ethnic groups, races, etc., are perfectly valid; others may be untrue or misleading. Few would challenge the assertion that most adult Germans speak the German language, a complex behavior pattern acquired through social learning processes and transmitted from generation to generation by members of certain cultural groups. That the Germans have, on the whole, an authoritarian family system, may be more difficult to demonstrate, but in principle it is a no less acceptable hypothesis. It is a fact that Englishmen behave more like other Englishmen than like Italians or Singhalese, and that it is possible to predict within reasonable limits, how an Englishman will behave in certain social situations. Hamilton Fyfe and others have tried to refute this observation by citing the very different behavior patterns reported for the Englishmen of Tudor times, but

such evidence merely shows that a national character may undergo a striking change in four hundred years. Actually, certain cultural personality norms exhibit a remarkable consistency. The image of the American which emerges from the pages of Crèvecoeur, de Tocqueville, or Mrs. Trollope is still a familiar one. Fa-hsien's account of the character of the people of India, which he observed early in the fourth century A.D. as a Buddhist pilgrim from China, is by no means out of date.

Since about 1930, therefore, anthropologists have been formulating generalizations not only about the external cultural traits of peoples—canoes, houses, baskets, or fishing techniques—but also about their psychological attributes—ways of handling aggression, love and affection, competitiveness or cooperativeness, and so on. Perhaps these generalizations have been accepted or unnoticed because they are about remote, exotic, and “unimportant” peoples such as the Dobuans, Arapesh, or Zuni. Anthropologists like Ralph Linton, Clyde Kluckhohn, Irving Hallowell, Cora DuBois, Gregory Bateson, and Reo Fortune have not been accused of illiberal ethnocentric bias in their discussions of the typical Marquesan, the average Navaho, or the modal Saulteaux. Is it then scientifically permissible to label groups of primitives as anxiety-ridden, aggressively competitive, individualistic, or characterized by almost paranoid suspiciousness and hostility, but altogether unscientific or bigoted to attempt to describe the temperaments of Germans, Japanese, Americans, or Russians?

Many thoughtful people are understandably hesitant to transfer the culture and personality approach from simple, preliterate societies to the level of national states. There is a genuine danger that even a soundly scientific, non-biological study of national character could be distorted into a justification for prejudice. But cultural relativism, too, can be readily converted into an apology for totalitarianism. For example, some relativists insist that the Jivaro Indians must not be morally condemned, just because their culture encourages them to decapitate people of neighboring tribes in order to have heads to shrink. Should we have been equally tolerant of Nazi extermination-camp officers, who after all merely conformed to German culture during the Hitler period? Or should we accept the current “reeducation” of landlords by the authorities of the Chinese People's Government as something be-

yond criticism since it happens to be a part of a cultural system other than our own? Relativism in science becomes a moral issue full of serious implications, whether it be found in the physics of the atom or in anthropology.

Granted, then, that national characters exist, how does the anthropologist try to identify them? Bertram Schaffner's problem in his study *Father Land* is a précis of the task of the national characterologist: How does a child, born without preconceived notions about his country and its culture, develop the emotional and intellectual patterns which later stamp him characteristically as a German or an American? Essentially such a study comes down to analysis of the common learning experiences to which members of a given culture are exposed. To be sure, there is a considerable difference of opinion as to when the most important part of this learning occurs. As noted above, the more orthodox Freudians hold that the crucial portion of the cultural conditioning process is completed in early childhood. Others are willing to concede that later childhood experiences may also be important in the formation of the adult personality. In any case there is agreement that while heredity may affect the individual's social learning, the broad temperamental similarities observable among the members of a cultural group arise from the similar effects of experience in the familial and other basic institutions of the culture. Of course not every individual brought up in a given culture will conform to its patterns; some will be deviants. At best, cultural normality is a kind of statistical abstraction, though it must not be thought of in terms of the familiar "normal curve" of distribution, which is perhaps best known in connection with the classroom practice of assigning grades so that ten per cent receive "A's" and ten per cent "F's."

Instead, the chart of cultural normality may show nearly complete conformity to certain customs, resulting in what statisticians would describe as a very highly skewed distribution. Thus, almost all American adults observe the custom of wearing clothes, just as all members of the Siriono tribe of Eastern Bolivia conform to the practice of wearing nothing. Conformity to the phonemic pattern in the language of a culture is likewise nearly total. Now it is not claimed by anthropologists that personality types exhibit such a high degree of uniformity in any culture. Most cultures

not only provide at least two somewhat different personality norms, one for males, one for females, but also alternative patterns for the occupants of the varied roles and positions in the society, especially if it is a complex one like our own. Yet even in an intricately subdivided society, there may be pervasive features common to all, or nearly all, culturally prescribed personality types. These common attributes may be derived from institutions to which nearly all citizens of modern nations are exposed willy-nilly, such as compulsory schooling, certain requirements of the political and economic systems, including legal obligations and prohibitions, or they may stem from more profound, covert cultural patterns reflecting a basic approach to life, or *Weltanschauung*, which may escape superficial analysis. In this country, which in its cultural composition is in many ways exceptional among the world's national states, we are liable to overlook the influence of religious institutions and ideologies on the national temperament or character. Catholicism or Lutheranism cannot be ignored in a consideration of Spanish or Swedish modal personality, any more than Pakistan and India can be understood apart from Islam and Hinduism. Even where a religious system has been outwardly restricted, its influence cannot be discounted. The Russian Orthodox Church doubtless continues to operate as a significant factor in the interaction of social forces which shapes the personality of contemporary "Soviet Man."

Compared to the tiny tribal societies in which anthropologists began their study of culture and personality, it is true that national states have a higher degree of cultural heterogeneity. There are many nations with more than one official language, or which otherwise openly admit the existence of ethnic diversity. Canada and Switzerland are well-known examples. Yet even in the most heterogeneous nations there is usually a dominant cultural group. It is understood that when we talk about the French people we do not ordinarily mean to include the Bretons, Basques, Flemings, Alsatians and Italians found within the borders of that republic. Only a few modern nations have such ethnic uniformity that it is possible to omit all qualifications and footnotes about regional or provincial differences in a description of national character. Broad statements about the modal American cannot be expected

to apply to isolated Southern Appalachian mountaineers, Spanish-Americans in the Southwest, Louisiana Cajuns, Pueblo Indians, or first-generation immigrant groups, nor without major modifications to American negroes or to Southern whites. Urban-rural differences in personality norms are perhaps less marked in this country, however, than in many Old World lands; most of our cities are only a few generations old, and where they are not composed of recent European arrivals, have drawn their populations off nineteenth century American farms.

It is this heterogeneity in national groups that has led anthropologists to develop new methods of studying national character. To be sure, the old standby of the ethnographer—the native informant—still occupies a central position. Good informants, brought up in the culture being studied, are by far the richest sources of data. Published information usually is weakest at the very points which the culture and personality researcher considers most crucial. It is much easier to find out how the Japanese punish their children, or instill habits of cleanliness and a rigid code of etiquette, by questioning Japanese parents than it is to look for references to these processes in the mass of published literature on Japan. In the final analysis, all published data can be considered to be the reports of informants, except that it is usually not feasible to go back and question the authors about matters they forgot to mention or stated ambiguously. Informants can of course be biased. A half-dozen Russians are hardly an adequate sample of the Russian culture. If, as was the case with Ruth Benedict's Japanese, or with the Russians being interviewed by members of the Harvard Russian Research Center, the informants must be selected from those who have emigrated from their homelands, a considerable warping seems unavoidable. National character studies which must be carried on at a distance from the culture being investigated are defensible only because of the exigencies of war or cold-war conditions or as an exercise in method. Properly, such research should take place within communities of the group or nation being investigated, and should be spread over several years' time. The general validity of Benedict's *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*, in which she described the Japanese character without ever having visited Japan, is therefore

all the more remarkable. Unfortunately the same does not seem to be the case with Geoffrey Gorer's *The Great Russians*, which is an attempt to explain Russian personality almost entirely as a result of the practice of tightly swaddling infant Russians!

In addition to prolonged interviews with his informants, the student of national character, like the ethnographer, is expected to observe the routines of daily life—child care, the behavior of family members toward each other and toward outsiders—as well as the rites and ceremonies, the meetings and the festivals, which take place. A literate culture will also provide information through its press and periodicals on much that an individual observer or even a team of them could never observe directly. It will yield important insights through its advertising, its novels, its drama, and in several nations through its moving pictures, radio, or even television programs. Content analyses of fictional films have already proved to be valuable supplements to informant interviews in the national character research field. Plots and themes in a nation's films shed much light on the ways in which a given cultural system ideally handles the problems of aggression, hostility, shame, guilt, sex, love, duty, parental authority, individual independence, etc. Producers and directors of motion pictures consciously or unconsciously tailor their product to the dominant interests and needs of their audiences. The fact that the average film—"Ma and Pa Kettle in Paris" or "Never Wave at a Wac"—seems to appeal to the lowest common denominator of public taste makes it no less useful to the content-analyst. Kracauer's *From Cagliari to Hitler* shows how much can be done with this method. This author found that German films made long before the rise of Hitler repeatedly emphasized great respect for authority and the duty of the individual to subordinate himself to a leader. The art forms which depict reasonably realistic recurrent social situations like family problems, romantic triangles, boy meets girl, are obviously more suitable for this kind of analysis than the abstractions of music or decorative art, where attempted interpretations have a way of becoming esoteric. A study of American soap-operas is hence likely to be more rewarding than a diagnosis of bebop.

Psychological tests are also usable tools, and if they are given to

sufficiently representative samples of the population under study, may yield the quantitative results so dear to sociologists. Most promising are tests of the projective type, which are open-ended in the sense that the response is not limited by the tester. Best known is the Rorschach, in which the person being tested is shown a series of ten cards on which there are random patterns produced by blotted ink, to which he is to respond by stating what he sees in them and what they mean to him. Another advantage claimed for this test, now apparently well substantiated, is that it penetrates more deeply into the structure of the personality, principally because the person being tested has no way of knowing how to defend himself from what the test may reveal. The TAT (Thematic Apperception Test) in its original form is culture-bound, since it consists of a set of realistic pictures showing people of our culture in various ambiguous social situations. For example, a young man and an older woman are shown talking. They might be mother and son, or a housewife and a salesman, and the stories elicited from different individuals in response to the picture presumably reflect different attitudes and feelings towards the kinds of people depicted. Shown to persons in another culture, the pictures must be modified in terms of clothing, house furnishings, or racial type.

Still another kind of projective test is the sentence-completion which Schaffner employed in his study of the Germans. This can be illustrated by one of the sentences he used: "When a man expresses his political opinion, his wife . . ." The overwhelming majority of Schaffner's nearly two thousand German subjects responded with completions such as ". . . should hold her tongue," ". . . keep her opinions to herself." Even non-projective questionnaires with items such as "Most people can be trusted" (answer Yes or No) can be illuminating. Riesman notes that ninety-four per cent of a large German sample replied "No" to this item, in contrast to only thirty per cent of Americans asked the same question. Seventy-three per cent of Schaffner's German subjects agreed with this statement: "The word of the father has to be an inflexible law in the family." Farber used incomplete sentences in a comparative study of British and U.S. national character. One of his completion items was "The qualities I admire most in a

person are . . ." British clerks in insurance companies tended to select qualities relating to reserve and self-control, whereas their American counterparts in Hartford insurance offices chose qualities which revealed anxiety about aggression from others.

Intelligence and achievement tests which have a certain validity within a given cultural environment but which depend so much upon specific educational experience and culturally induced motivations to succeed in the competitive test situation have been of little use in national character research. For example, cultures are known in which individual striving for prestige or recognition is strongly repressed in favor of cooperative behaviors which minimize individual differences. In such cultures it is not easy to get even gifted persons to put forth their best efforts in an undertaking in which they may outshine their friends or kinsmen. In fact, our very preoccupation with scientific measurement of individual differences in intellect or educational achievement is part of our individualistic, competitive culture pattern.

Public opinion polling organizations now exist in many countries. Answers to questions asked of carefully balanced samples may contribute to an understanding of national character. Generally, however, the polls are concerned with public issues, politics, and current news events, which limits their utility. The extension of the work of Alfred Kinsey and his associates into the cross-cultural aspects of sexual behavior holds much promise. We can expect to find marked differences in the sex-patterns from one culture to another. Social statistics on suicide, crimes, alcoholism, divorce, etc., exhibit cultural consistencies which have long been the subject of sociological inquiry, and which may go a long way toward explaining the findings in the national character field.

The present weaknesses in national character research are probably due in part to its newness as a social science concern and its very recent emancipation from pseudo-scientific racist theorizing. They also suggest that the subject matter is so complex that brilliant individual insights such as Ruth Benedict's are likely to be rare, and that solid results are more to be expected from the "interdisciplinary team" approach. Margaret Mead, who has certainly been an example in the past of the intrepid singlehanded investigator, presents very good arguments for the research team, composed not only of specialists from various social science and

psychological fields, but also of persons with different cultural backgrounds, to minimize the polarizing effects of one culture's reaction to another. For instance, if we were investigating Mexican national character, it would be desirable to recruit not only an anthropologist, a sociologist, a clinical or social psychologist, and a historian, but also specialists in fine arts and literature. Ideally the members of such a team should consist not only of Mexicans or U.S. citizens, but should also be drawn from countries where misleading favorable or unfavorable stereotypes of Mexicans have not been strongly developed. For such reasons, a Swedish investigator, Gunnar Myrdal, was brought to this country to make an important study of negro-white relations.

Research into national character is not then simply the publication of libelous statements about other cultures and peoples, nor racial chauvinism in disguise. It should not be confused with the casual observations which find their way into the conversation of tourists, the jottings of globe-trotting journalists, the generalizations of Senator McCarran, or even the serious but unsystematic essays of philosophers or historians. Simone de Beauvoir's *America Day by Day* (1953), Lafcadio Hearn's *Japan, an Attempt at an Interpretation* (1904), or Cornelius Tacitus' *Germania* (A.D. 99) may be sincere, but we cannot consider them any more scientific than the views on national character expressed in Adolf Hitler's recorded table-talk.

Instead, such research represents a conscientious scientific effort to observe, record, and analyze the ways in which members of a cultural group may come to share certain personality traits or patterns. Our foreign policy, our military alliances, our immigration laws, and our overseas information program—to mention only a few of our vital national concerns—all develop in terms of our assumptions about the national characters of other peoples, combined of course with our assessment of their material or technological resources. Obviously, any method of obtaining a more accurate idea of the character of the various peoples of the world will have tremendous implications in a situation in which tensions and conflicts exhaust so much of mankind's creative energy. If the anthropologist can help us to a better understanding of national character (including its causes) he may help free his fellow scientist, the nuclear physicist, for more constructive work.

Recommended reading

Beginning with this issue *The Colorado Quarterly* offers a new feature. Since the magazine has no book review section, the editors have asked members of the faculty and staff of the University to submit, along with their comments, the reading for which they feel a special enthusiasm, the kind of reading they would recommend to their friends. Here is the first list; a new one will appear in each issue. We are designating the contributor's department because we feel that readers will be particularly interested in books which have been selected for their general importance rather than for their significance to a specialist.

ROBERT G. ATHEARN (History) — Walter P. Webb, *The Great Frontier*. "One of the most challenging books published on the question of frontier influences upon American history since the appearance of the Turner thesis."

HAZEL E. BARNES (Classics) — E. R. Dodds, *The Greeks and the Irrational*. "A new, exciting, and revealing study of the Greeks, stressing the interpretative methods of modern psychology. Makes the Greeks more real—if somewhat less than a race of pure intellectuals."

JOANN GIEBER (Dean of Men's Office) — (1) N. J. Berrill, *Journey Into Wonder*. "A well-written, scientifically and historically accurate retelling of several exploratory expeditions—completely and delightfully engrossing."—(2) Stephen Spender, *Learning Laughter*. "Although not well-written and admittedly incomplete, this book about the youth camps in Israel manages to provide a disinterested, layman-type view

which is missing in so many of the passionately pro and con treatments of contemporary life in that country. Spender has succeeded in pin-pointing a few of the most immediate social problems in an unbiased treatment."

J. W. COHEN (Philosophy) — Ernest Jones, *Sigmund Freud, The Young Freud*. "This is the definitive biography by one of the original five of early psychoanalysis. It is of first importance for the scientific, humanistic, cultural and educational grasp of the Freudian revolution. The personal life of Freud and its role in his discoveries, the medical training, the break with orthodox versions of the psyche, the inside drama of development of insight are completely covered."

STUART CUTHBERTSON (Modern Languages) — (1) Walter Torrence Stace, *The Destiny of Western Man*. "A clear statement of our fundamental beliefs."—(2) Richard Daniel Altick, *The Scholar Adventurers*. "The whodunit technique in literary scholarship."

ELLEN JACKSON (Library, Government Documents) — *Insects* (U. S. Department of Agriculture), 72 colored plates. "A disturbing book about our most subtle enemies, intended for the general reader rather than for the entomologist."

SALLY MEIER (Documents Library) — Barrows Dunham, *Giant in Chains*. "Brilliantly written philosophic study. A point of view which challenges the mind and imagination—pertinent in the world of today. A must for people who look for answers to today's problems. A welcome relief from space ships to reality."

HENRY PETTIT (English) — (1) Merlo John Pusey, *Charles Evans Hughes* (Macmillan, 1951). "The life of an American jurist recounted with sympathy and intelligence. An engaging biography and an illuminating commentary on American political history of the last half century." — (2) James Gould Cozzens, *The Just and the Unjust* (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1942). "An impressive novel about a young lawyer's awakening to the importance of politics." — (3) *New Poems by American Poets*, edited by Rolfe Humphries (Ballantine Books, 1953). "A collection of readable, and what is more, understandable poems 'of health, high spirit, courage, humor' that may mark a revolution against the cult of unintelligibility which has depressed the high state of poetry altogether too long."

ROBERT J. POTTER (Sociology) — Norbert Wiener, *The Human Use of Human Beings*. "Modern presentation of the argument that free and complete communication is essential to humanism, technical and social growth, and survival of man and society."

MAJ. M. H. SILVERTON (Naval Reserve Officer Training Corp) — Marquis James, *Andrew Jackson, the Border Captain*. "The story of the unselfish devotion of a man for his country, which contributes to one's appreciation of his heritage."

H. F. WALTON (Chemistry) — J. C. Masterman, *To Teach the Senators Wisdom: An Oxford Guidebook*. "The Fellows of St. Thomas's College, Oxford, expecting a visit from three important American person-

ages, prepare a delightfully unorthodox guidebook to that which makes a University great. Certain omissions become hilariously apparent in the last chapter. University teachers who love their jobs will love this book."

HOWARD WALTZ (Music) — Aaron Copland, *Music and Imagination* (Harvard University Press, 1952). "This series of six lectures constitutes general discussion of imagination in music from the point of view of the listener, of the interpreter, and of the creator. The clarity of the writing makes this book valuable to all readers, whether or not they are technically trained musicians."

FRANCIS WOLLE (English) — (1) Thomas Heggen, *Mr. Roberts*. "Still the best of the war novels because of its emphasis on the human values." — (2) John Steinbeck, *East of Eden*. "A full-blooded story of life in California, the good and the bad, with a provocative new interpretation of the mark of Cain."

REUBEN A. ZUBROW (Economics) — Robert L. Heilbroner, *The Worldly Philosophers: The Lives, Times and Ideas of the Great Economic Thinkers* (Simon & Schuster, 1953). "Written for the layman, this exciting and witty portrayal of the world-shaking economic ideas of the last two centuries is fundamentally a brilliant, scholarly appraisal of the major economic problem of our time—the survival of capitalism. Particularly recommended for economic illiterates allergic to biased 'economic-in-one-easy-lesson,' popularizations or monumentally dull treatises on the 'dismal science.'"

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ceived the New York Newspaper-woman's club prize for distinguished reporting. She has also been president of the Woman's National Press Club. "The Press and Individual Responsibility" was the first Crosman Memorial Lecture during the University of Colorado's Newspaper Week last May.

WILLIAM E. STAFFORD teaches at Lewis and Clark College, Portland, Oregon. He is studying for his doctorate at the University of Iowa. Mr. Stafford's work has been published in *Western Review*, *Nation*, *New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Arizona Quarterly*, *Tiger's Eyes*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Experiment*, *Fellowship* and *New Signatures*.

PATRICIA R. CARNEY, a native of Indiana, received her bachelor's degree in comparative literature from Indiana University in February, 1953, and has started work toward her master's in the creative writing program at that institution. A story of hers appeared in the March, 1953, issue of *Folio*, a literary magazine published by the Department of English at Indiana University.

ROBERT L. PERKIN, book editor and special assignments reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News*, was graduated from the College of Journalism of the University of Colorado in 1937. During World War II he was an officer in the Navy. In 1948 Mr. Perkin and Charles A. Graham wrote the chapter on Denver in *Rocky Mountain Cities*. In 1951 he received the Sigma Delta Chi award at the University of Colorado for his contributions to Colorado journalism. In 1951 *Frontier* published his article on Pro-

fessor Gayle Waldrop, Director of the College of Journalism at the University of Colorado; his article on Houstoun Waring, publisher of the *Littleton* (Colorado) *Independent*, appeared in *The Nation* last year. He has also done special correspondence for the *New York Times*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, *Philadelphia Record*, *Kansas City Star* and *Reuters*. In October, 1953, Mr. Perkin was given an award by the Colorado State Medical Society for his outstanding reporting of medical news. He is the only newspaperman, and the third layman, to receive such an award in the history of the Society.

STUART CUTHBERTSON is head of the Department of Modern Languages at the University of Colorado. He spent the summer of 1952 in France working on the genesis of Old Provençal poetry, a puzzle which has long claimed his interest. He writes original verse in both English and Spanish and makes a hobby of English versions of Romance poetry. "Evening in Old Provence" was inspired by several troubadours, while "Day in Old Provence" is a close translation, intended to show that "realists," radio commercials, political speeches, and Communists had their counterparts in the Middle Ages.

PAUL THOMPSON is professor of English in the College of Engineering at the University of Colorado. He has written articles on Jonathan Swift for scholarly publications and on opera for *Opera News*.

JOSEPH L. GRUCCI is Assistant Professor of English at Pennsylvania State College where he conducts the poetry workshop. In connection with the workshop, his students publish their own magazine, *Pivot*, which has the unique distinction of paying its own

way. Poems and translations by Mr. Grucci have appeared in *The New Mexico Quarterly*, *Voices*, *American Prefaces*, and *Talisman*. As co-author of *Three Spanish American Poets*, he translated Pablo Neruda's poetry. His translations have also appeared in Torres-Riosco's *Epic of Latin American Literature* and Guy Cardwell's *Readings from the Americas*.

JOHN GRAVES is a young Texan who is now living abroad. He studied under Martha Foley at Columbia several years ago. His work has been published in *Holiday*, *New Yorker*, *Town and Country*, *Everywoman's Magazine*, and *Today's Woman*.

HOWARD SERGEANT is President of the British Poetry Association and founder and editor of *Outposts*, a British poetry magazine established in 1944. He contributes poems, essays, reviews, and articles to many publications in the United Kingdom and the United

States. Among American publications in which his writing has appeared are *Interim*, *Poetry*, *New Directions*, *Saturday Review*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, *Poetry Chap-Book*, and *California Quarterly*. He is the author of two volumes of poetry and has edited several anthologies. He has also published two critical studies: *The Cumberland Wordsworth* (Williams and Norgate, 1950) and *Tradition in the Making of Modern Poetry* (Britannicus Liber, 1952).

GORDON W. HEWES, Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the University of Colorado, has been interested in problems of culture, personality, and national character for several years. His publications include reports on his archaeological excavations in California and North Dakota and on ethnographic research. During World War II he worked for the Office of Strategic Services and for the U. S. Board on Geographical Names.

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